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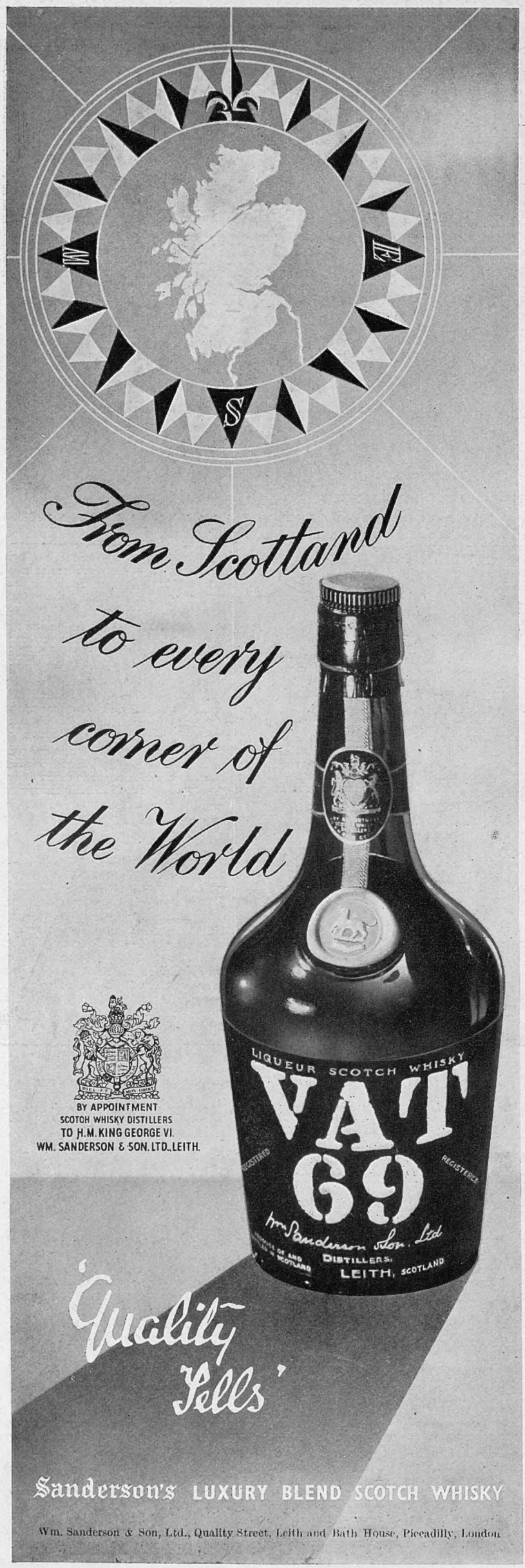


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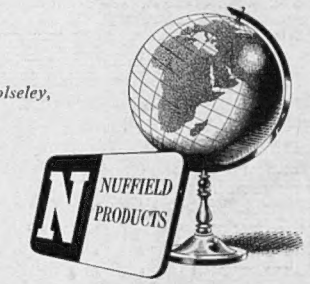


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Volume CXCVII No. 2572 The SPHERE, London, May 21, 1949

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

**BERLIN'S DAY OF CELEBRATION—PART OF THE GREAT CROWD, ESTIMATED AT 500,000 PEOPLE, WHICH GATHERED BEFORE THE BEFLAGGED SCHOENEBERG TOWN HALL IN THE UNITED STATES SECTOR TO CELEBRATE THE LIFTING OF THE BLOCKADE: Factory hooters blared, speeches were made by Lord Mayor Reuter and other leaders, and train- and lorry-drivers were mobbed and garlanded as they arrived in the city**

For one glorious day, a day of brilliant May sunshine, Berliners gave themselves up to holiday-making and general rejoicing in celebration of the lifting of the 322-day blockade. In the Western sectors there were scenes of wild enthusiasm, the climax of the celebrations being at Schoeneberg Town Hall in the United States sector, where it was estimated that a crowd of 500,000 people foregathered to cheer Professor Reuter, Lord Mayor of the city, and to greet members of the German Parliamentary Council from Bonn, the new capital of the West. Even in the Russian sector the air-raid sirens sounded to mark "the day of understanding." At a special session of the City Assembly the blockade-lifting was welcomed in rather more sober terms than in the square outside. The Schoeneberg Rathaus, where the Assembly meets, was gay with the flags of the four occupying Powers, also the black, red and gold of the future Federal Republic. General Clay, now relinquishing office as Military Governor, was cheered loud and long as he entered the chamber and again when he took his departure. More than one speaker said that Berlin would never forget its debt to him. (Further pictures relating to the blockade-lifting will be found on pages 258-59.)

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# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.2.

**Hong Kong.**—With memories of our frightful failures in the Eastern sphere in the early days of the Japanese campaigns, it is reasonable that soldiers and sailors who know Hong Kong may tremble at the plans for defence which are now being implemented, and may brand them as futile, dangerous and expensive half-measures. Six thousand valuable troops can do no more than bare police duty on the island and leased territory, with its congested population of 1,500,000, of which a small proportion only can help, and a proportion will certainly hinder; the colony will be under medium gunfire from the start, and there can be practically no air cover beyond a few days, and that totally inadequate. If it is answered that we haven't the troops or the means for adequate defence, it is the worst answer in the world. For it is throwing good money after bad.

**"200 Years of Peace."**—Versailles, Locarno, Munich, each in turn produced high hopes, expansively expressed. And all those hopes mouldered cold and low in a moment of time (as History reckons time). Then came the pacts and treaties and charters of World War II, and the setting up of U.N.O. and its satellites. More high hopes and enthusiastic prophecies and more, swifter, disillusionment. Rash indeed or infinitely confident in his hidden knowledge must be the Foreign Secretary who, on the eve of the ratification of the Bonn Constitution and some days before the new session of the Foreign Ministers Conference, would dare to speak of the possibility of peace in Europe for 200 years. Mr. Bevin was bold enough to do it, brushing aside the grinning ghosts of earlier optimists. And indeed it is a long shot. 1. The Foreign Ministers *might* settle something in Paris. 2. If they managed to agree at all on anything whatever, there might emerge the basis for a German Peace Conference. 3. That conference might produce a German settlement which would keep alive Germany's right to a free democratic Government. 4. That German Government might agree to set down on a sheet of paper (or a half-sheet) that Germany and England would never again go to war with one another. In all this, Russia was hardly mentioned. But the actions and attitude of the Soviet spokesmen and Government on items 1, 2, 3 and 4—all bare possibilities—are speculations so vain, influences so tremendous, that we may reckon Mr. Bevin an optimist without peer or a prophet without a rival for clarity of vision in the history of prophecy or diplomacy. And yet, my heart warms to Mr. Bevin for his courage, his patience, his sincerity, his humanity, even his optimism. He has proved a Foreign Minister in the English tradition, and I think among the great ones.

**"Drinking Till 2.30 a.m."**—"If this is the only way we can attract tourists, it is a filthy idea and utterly indecent." So Mr. S. O. Davies, M.P. "When young people go to a place to dance till 2.30 a.m., it does not follow that that place *ipso facto* becomes a haunt of vice." So, in effect, said Sir D. Maxwell Fyfe. And other members spoke views within those limits. I don't go with Mr. Davies; I agree with Sir D. M. F. But I agree more exactly with those who hinted that night clubs, even the most respectable, afford a very questionable method of making the best use of leisure. And I will "tell you for why." Young people ought to dance. I approve of dancing. In my youth, I and my sisters and cousins got about ten "free" dances a week with glorious bands, huge floors, delicious suppers, from May 1 to July 30. And we took them for granted and turned up our noses at most of them. No *trouble* involved to us, no chasing reluctant "partners," no cheques for £3 3s. 0d. to Lady Thingummy or other promoters in the noble cause of charity. But nowadays, if the young have not guineas to burn (and few have), where can they dance? And if the night club is the only place, it needs a vinous stimulant even for a fighting-fit débutante or youth to keep jostling in a Black Hole of Calcutta even for half an hour after midnight. Haunt of vice? I should rather say test of endurance, and as boring and innocent as such tests usually are.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW—PRINCESS ELIZABETH IS SEEN WITH MR. GEOFFREY CROSS, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SHOW, WATCHING ONE OF THE EVENTS IN THE HOME PARK: A feature of the occasion was the musical ride performed by the Household Cavalry in full dress. The event is illustrated on page 257 of this issue. On the second day of the show Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were present

**The Mountbatten Bill.**—That the Mountbattens' "little Bill" will get through to the Statute Book I make no doubt. It is an embarrassing little Bill—much pleasanter for all concerned if the job could be done without public advertisement. For money is the devil. There are so many hard cases among the poor (and the rich) for which *no* solution can be found, no relief secured from the short-sightedness of testators and from the zeal of Sir Stafford. The Cassel millions were a legend—once. It would not be odd if they had petered out in two generations, as have a score of fortunes as large. But they haven't. Sir Ernest did tie them up, in a way, and too tight for the nimble accountancy required to-day. Hence the Bill to ease the Mountbattens' hard lot. Of course, it 's not odd if some Socialists and even Conservatives might cavil at such a Bill at such a time. Indeed, it is jam for the agitator, who argues that it will increase their income by £40,000 a year! People will say anything and believe anything. But Lord Mountbatten is surely a Socialists' blue-eyed boy. I have seen his name inscribed on the left-est of lists, with no more authority than gossip, and I shall be surprised if Parliament refuses to ease his family's cruel lot. I wish that Parliament, by a single stroke, could relieve those other unfortunates whose names do not make news, and whose stately homes are not in family occupation still. But in human life there must always be exceptions to prove the rule that life is earnest and mostly harsh.

**A Distant Cousin.**—I was amused by the reference in *The Times* obituary of Prince Louis of Monaco to his relationship to our Royal house. This is to run the pleasant convention of cousinship to madder lengths than do the Scots, for the "common ancestor" is Henry VII. At that rate, it is fair to claim cousinship from John of Gaunt, who genealogically is the "father of our people," since thousands on thousands of us can trace descent from him, and presumably "call the King cousin," on the authority of sober genealogists, including the Marquis of Ruvigny. I think it probable that the late Prince could have claimed a nearer cousinship with Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret at any rate through his mother, who was a Douglas-Hamilton.

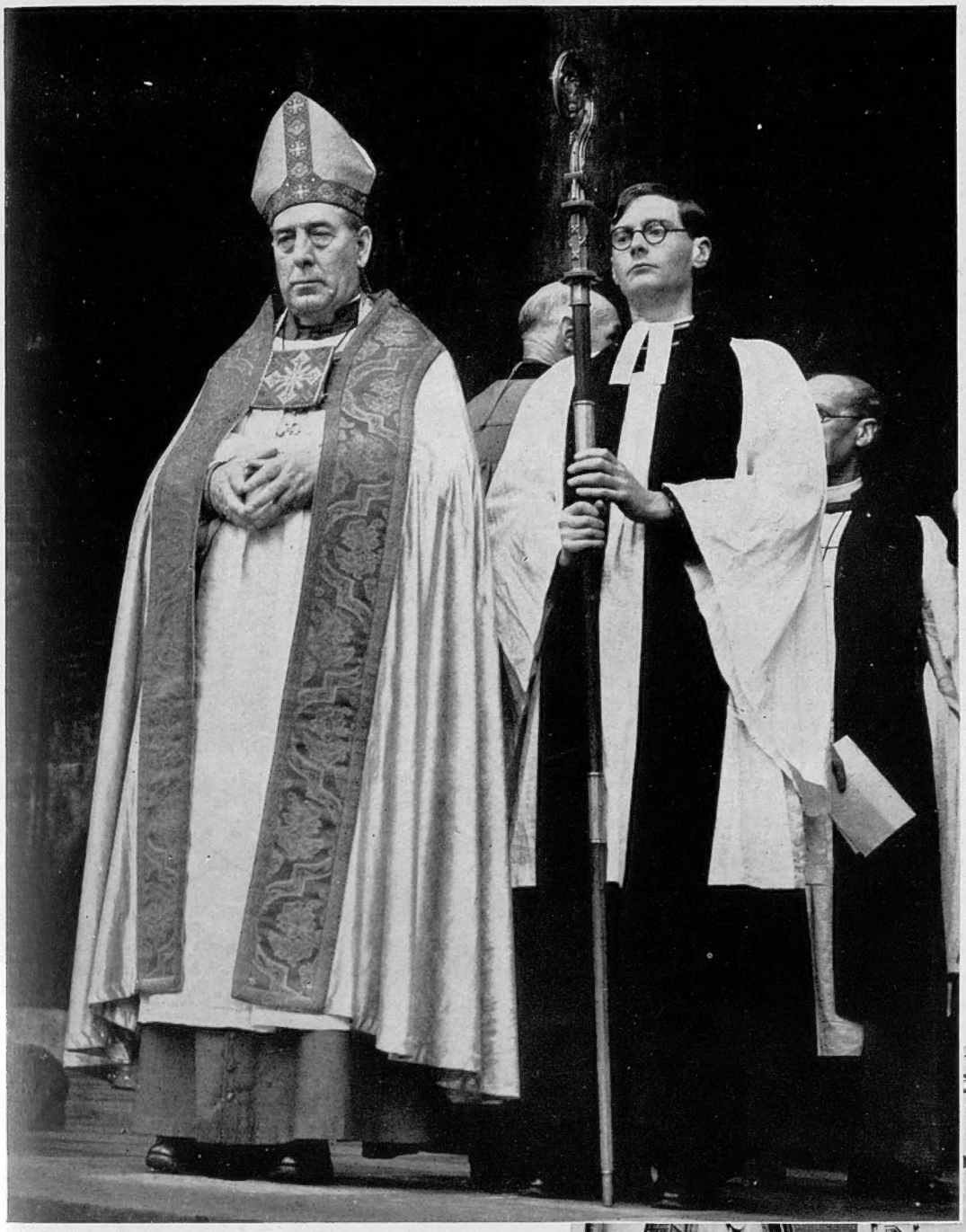
**Arming the Downing Street Police.**—No one with a memory can be surprised at the precaution taken to arm the Downing Street police with lethal weapons. It is a disagreeable precaution, directed by the disagreeable knowledge that there are still hotheads of many races who have not reached that stage of maturity which rules out political assassination as something as brutish as it is invariably futile. Sir Henry Wilson is not forgotten, nor Cavendish and Burke. That Mr. Attlee (of all men) should suddenly become Enemy No. 1 of the Irish Republic is one of those instances of unreason in excelsis which alone made possible the more famous assassinations in history of innocents, figureheads or even champions of the "cause" which such murders were designed to benefit or avenge.

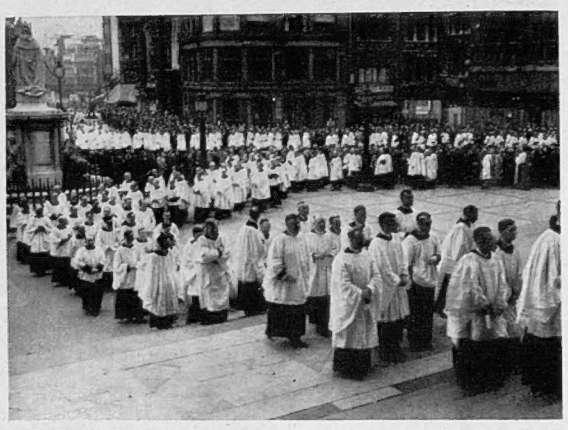
**The Future of Cricket.**—Time was when I supposed that the game of cricket was moribund. Its zenith was in the days when the sun seemed to stand still over the Empire and the village green. But two World Wars and all those social upheavals and scientific inventions which brought a spirit of restlessness, a desire to "go places" and a determination to fill every hour off duty with varied amusements in different scenes must surely kill it. It was too slow, too imprisoning a pastime. So I supposed. Then in 1940 came a wonderful surprise. White-clad cricketers once more thronged the village greens, the village greens were green spaces again. Cricket had survived, was flourishing as it had not flourished in the early '30's. It all looked good. But it was (locally, at any rate) *breve gaudium*. On closer inspection it was seen that the players were mostly men of middle age. The proportion of youths who turned out to play was all too small, and, unless it increased, a falling-off was mathematically predictable and the end was sure unless the children of school age were taken in hand at once and inspired with enthusiasm and trained in skill by patient local coaching. The M.C.C. is alive to the danger at a high level. There are in many counties authorities concerned with it at lower levels and locally. The village clubs have come to see the red light. A thin time is inevitable in a few years, but the end is by no means certain if the schoolboys are taken resolutely in hand, and that means hard and devoted labour by men already very hard worked. The money can always be found; the labourers in the vineyard are too few. It seems to me that the greatest stimulus which each county club could give to county and village cricket (they are one and indivisible, of course) would be to keep its most popular and famous pro. not on the county ground but continuously on circuit among the village practice nets, inspiring the boys with keenness and spotting future county "hopes." The school-age boys are as keen as ever on football, and a famous football pro. can work them up to fanaticism. Why should not a popular cricket pro. try the experiment?

**What is Truth?**—It ought to be possible for people capable of doing simple arithmetic (which I am not) to know for certain whether the Conservatives have won a victory in the local elections or whether the Socialists have done so. But apparently nobody is so qualified to give the answer to the inquiring ignoramus, for both sides are halloo-ing for a resounding victory. It ought to be possible to know what our Government's attitude to Spain now is, and what action our representative on the U.N. Assembly will take next session on the Ambassador question. But Mr. Bevin's frank and clear statement does not resolve our doubts. And finally it ought to be possible to know whether at last the small consumer of household coal is going to obtain something better than chalk and shale and coal-dust at the price of gold-dust, or whether it is merely the mixture as before at a (for the umpteenth time) enhanced price. But it isn't. Or is it? Yes, that answer at least can be unequivocally forecast. THE OLD STAGER

# The CHURCH CALLS to LONDON

## Three Processions Fill St. Paul's at the Start of the Mission



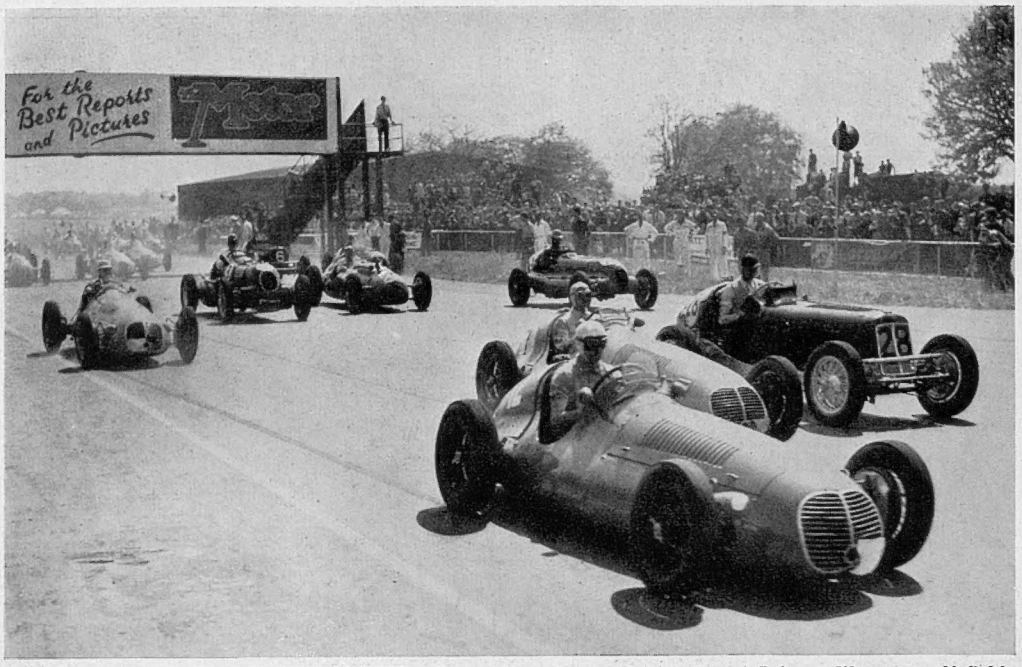


**THE PROCESSION OF ROBED CLERGY ENTERS ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : Representatives of the Archdeaconries arriving at the Cathedral last Saturday for the commissioning service at the start of the Mission to London which has been designed to draw Londoners into the main stream of church life**

Last Saturday, Dr. Wand, Bishop of London, launched his long-prepared and long-awaited "Mission to London." In the words of *The Church of England Newspaper*, "The attack on the greatest city in the world, and perhaps the most Godless," has begun. On Saturday, in a special inaugural service at St. Paul's, clergy and laity rededicated themselves. There was a seated congregation of 2,900, and standing room for 1,200, while those who were unable to enter the Cathedral heard a relay of the service in the open air. Dr. Wand told the missioners that the clergy of the diocese were behind him. Not a single person in the diocese would be left unaware of the fact that something unusual was happening, and the church was making its effort at last. "Already we have evidence," he declared, "that there is a great stirring in the minds and consciences of the people"

**LEADING THE MISSION TO LONDON : Dr. Wand, Bishop of London, standing on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, where he welcomed and commissioned 150 missioners of the diocese at the start of the Mission which is now being conducted in all parishes. The 600 parishes of London have been grouped to form 120 Mission Centres**

**THE THREE PROCESSIONS TOOK FIFTY MINUTES TO FILE INTO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : These two pictures were taken on Ludgate Hill as the clergy taking part in the Mission to London arrived for the service of commissioning and were commended to their task by the Bishop of London. The three processions converged on the Cathedral under the leadership of the Bishops Suffragan. They took so long to enter the Cathedral that the service, timed to begin at 5.30, did not begin until 6 p.m. The bells of 300 London churches rang the Mission in**




**AT THE START OF THE 300-MILE JOURNEY : Competitors in the British Grand Prix at Silverstone Airfield, Northants, seen at the start of the contest which resulted in a notable victory for Baron de Graffenreid, the Swiss driver, whose Maserati averaged 77·31 m.p.h. He won by one minute**

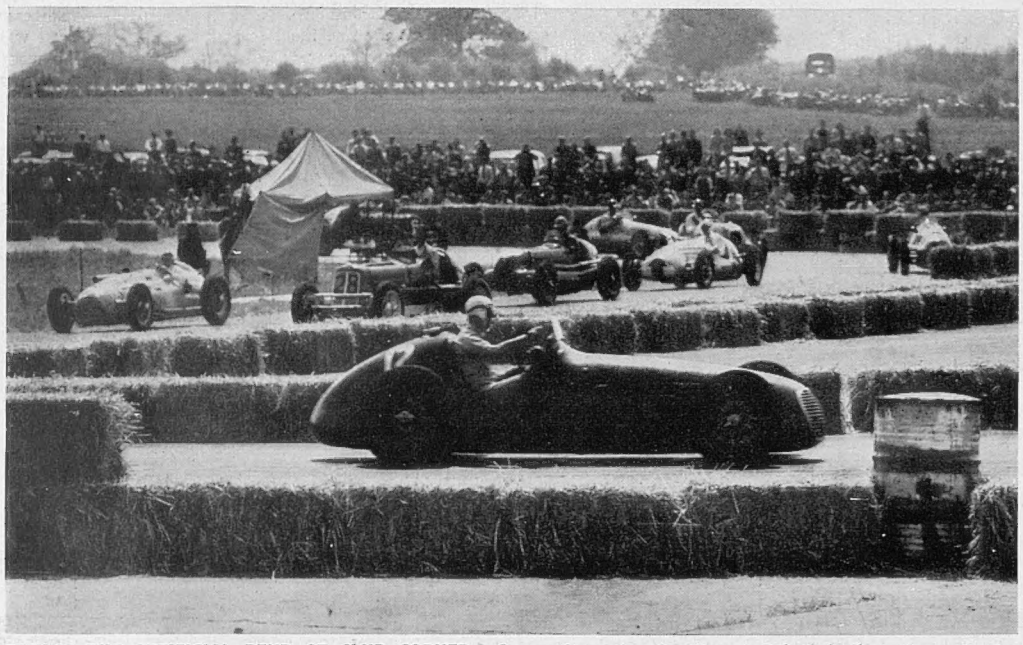
**WEARING THE VICTORY LAURELS : Baron de Graffenreid surrounded by his team-mates after his triumph on the Silverstone Circuit in the second British Grand Prix. Driving one of the fastest cars in the race, he refused to be drawn into the "dog-fight" among the leaders, and finally came up to win as a result of cool driving**

# THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX

## A Swiss Driver Wins the International Race at Silverstone, Northants

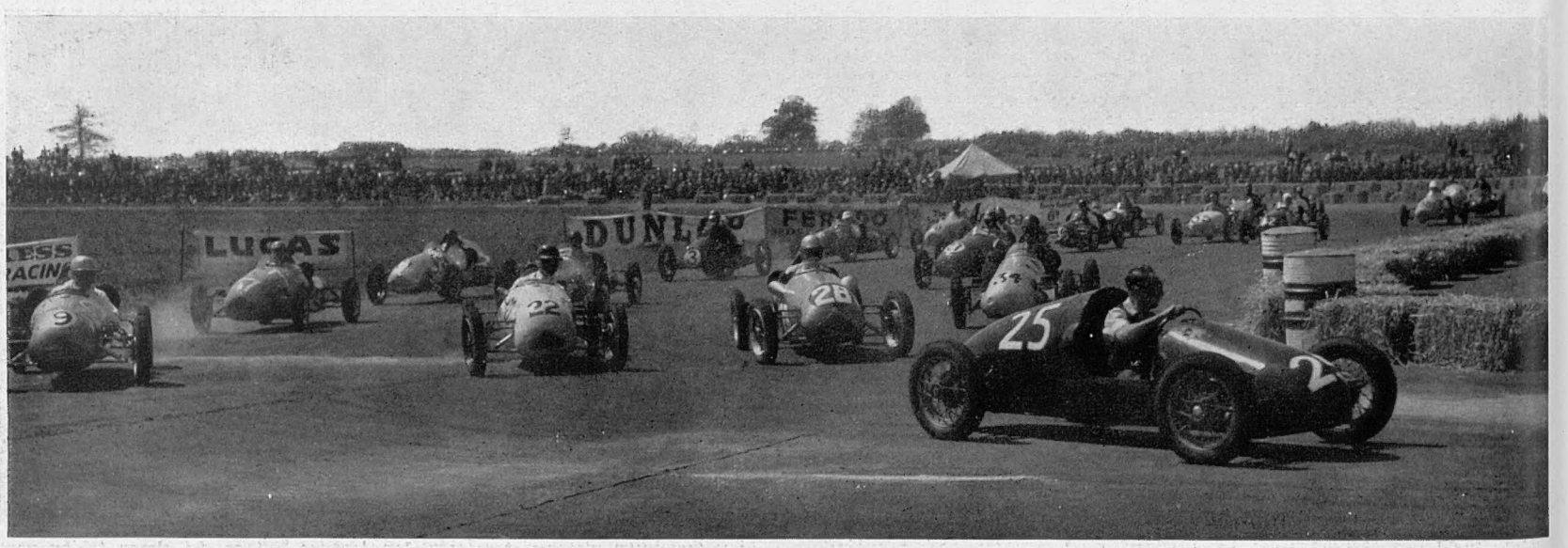
There were thrills and spills in plenty at the British Grand Prix motor race held on the Silverstone Circuit, Northants, but fortunately there were no fatalities among drivers or spectators, although it seemed that such would be the case when a Ferrari left the track and an E.R.A. overturned. The Swiss triumph was well-deserved, the cool driving of Baron Graffenreid bringing him victory after the fast-lapping Bira and others had exhausted their resources in a "dog-fight" for the lead. Special praise goes to the British driver, Gerard, in his veteran E.R.A. His chances against formidable opponents did not at first seem great. He drove into second place, after being tenth at one period

**WHEN RICHARDSON LOST CONTROL OF HIS FERRARI AND LEFT THE TRACK : Spectators receiving first-aid treatment after the accident. Six spectators were injured and four were taken to hospital suffering from leg injuries, as the car plunged broadside into the crowd. Richardson was uninjured. His battered car is seen in the background. He was acting as reserve driver for Raymond Mays, who had driven it in the first phase of the big contest**



**TAKING THE ARTIFICIAL BEND AT CLUB CORNER : Competitors in the Grand Prix winding through the bales of straw which halted the headlong rush and constituted a special test of skill on the airfield circuit. Despite such obstacles, most of the leading cars averaged over 70 m.p.h. At one time Bira (Prince Birabongse) in his Maserati was lapping in the lead at 81·94 m.p.h.**

**POLICE, R.A.C. MEN AND SPECTATORS TO THE RESCUE : Giving first-aid to the injured after the Ferrari had crashed into the crowd. The accident occurred at a point where the utmost skill was required to keep the cars straight**




**THE R.A.C. NATIONAL, A 500-CC. RACE OVER 51 MILES ON THE SILVERSTONE CIRCUIT : This was a curtain-raiser for the Grand Prix. Stirling Moss had no difficulty in keeping in front, confirming his superiority in this class. In his Cooper he did the seventeen laps at an average of 68·81 m.p.h. There were nineteen Coopers entered out of forty cars and they filled all the leading places. Nos. 7, 8, 9, 22 and 28 in this picture are all of that make**

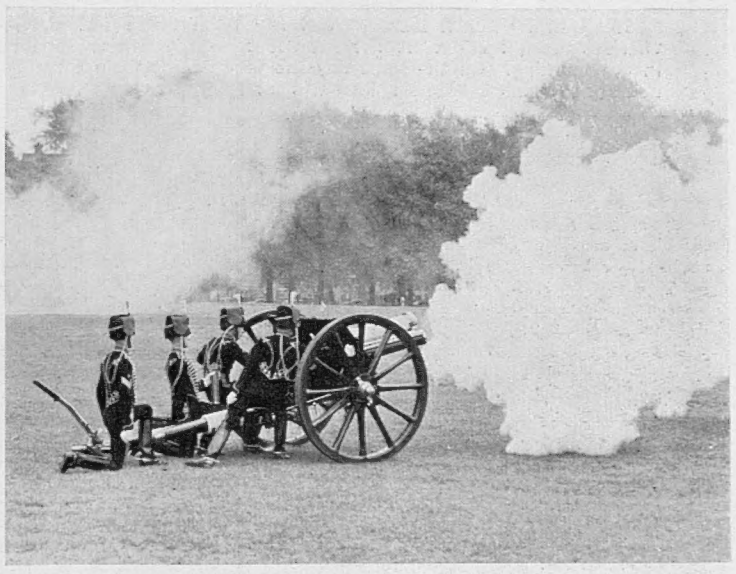
THE GUARDS BEAT TATTOO ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: Resplendent in full dress for the first time in ten years, the Brigade of Guards created such an attraction that before the start of the ceremony the Whitehall entrance to the Parade had to be closed. The thousands of people who flocked to the Parade saw the Guards march and counter-march under Drum-Major Graham, Scots Guards

# RETURN TO PAGEANTRY

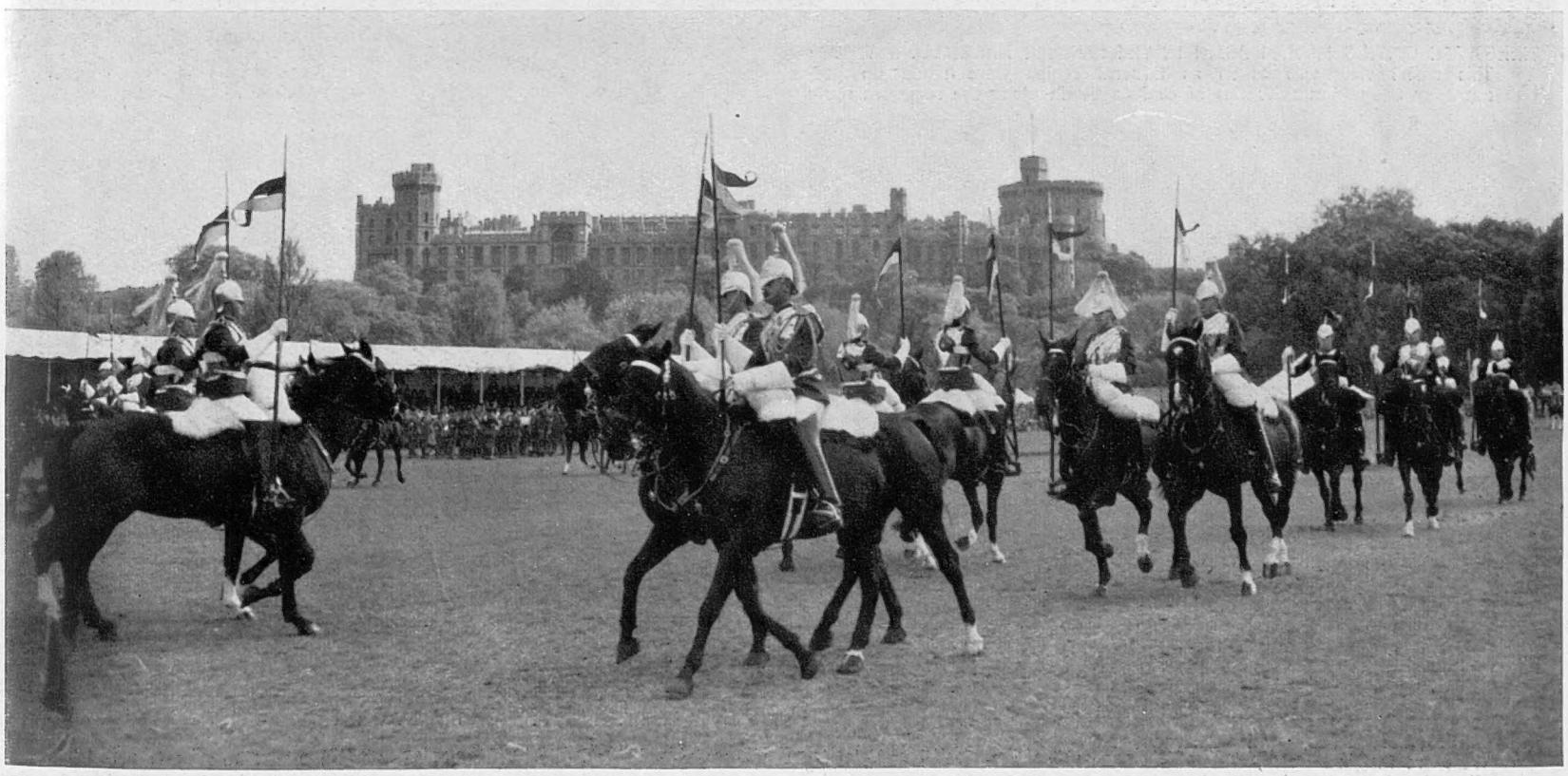
## Royal and Military Occasions in London and at Windsor

The Second World War may have wrought a host of changes in our national life, and visitors to London from abroad will for yet another summer note many things still lacking in London life, but they will find at least that we have restored much of the pageantry of pre-war days. During the past week this return to pageantry has been particularly noticeable, with rehearsals for the Royal Tournament, the Coronation anniversary salute, and the beating of Tattoo

PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, WHICH OPENS AT OLYMPIA ON JUNE 16: Men of the Royal Horse Artillery, in full dress, thundering around Regent's Park during a practice performance of their musical drive. Large crowds witnessed the rehearsal



COMMEMORATING THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE VI: A salute of forty-one guns being fired by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, in Hyde Park at noon on the Twelfth Anniversary. "B" Battery, 1st Regiment, H.A.C. (R.H.A.), also fired a salute at the Tower of London. On the same day, as on all notable Royal occasions, His Majesty's ships in port dressed overall, and the main naval bases fired their salutes



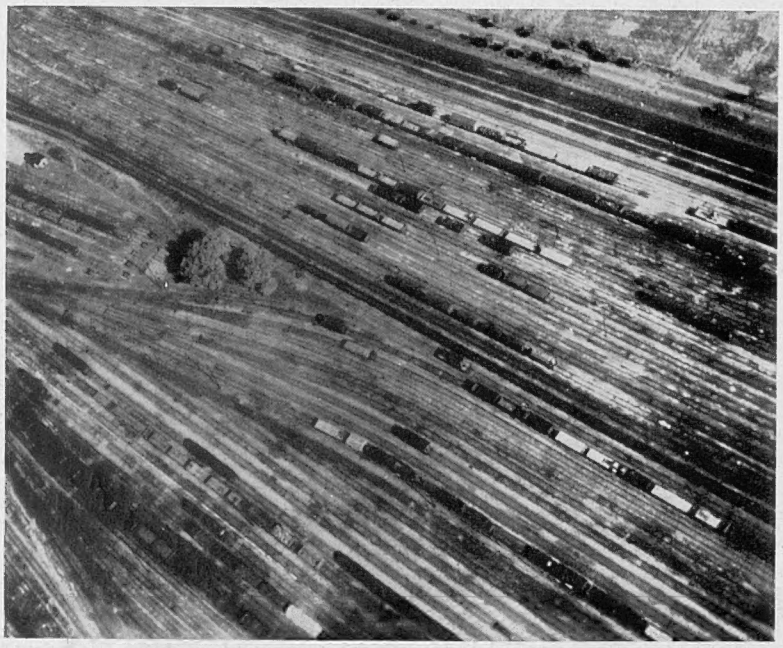
THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW—THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY PERFORM THEIR MUSICAL RIDE: The graceful silhouette of Windsor Castle made an effective backdrop as the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) provided their display on the first day of the show, in the Home Park

**THE FIRST TRAIN TO REACH BERLIN FROM THE WEST SINCE THE BLOCKADE WAS ENFORCED TEN MONTHS AGO : The train, drawn by a Soviet Zone engine, entering Charlottenburg Station. It left Helmstedt on the British Zone boundary at 1.30 a.m. on the morning of the blockade raising, and reached Berlin at 8.30 in the morning. On the same day the first freight train carrying coal from the West arrived at the Wannsee Station in the American Sector. Within twenty-hours the Helmstedt-Berlin line was carrying its pre-blockade supplies of over 8,000 tons a day to Berlin. Even so, the air-lift continued on its way**

# BERLIN BLOCKADE ENDS AFTER 322 DAYS

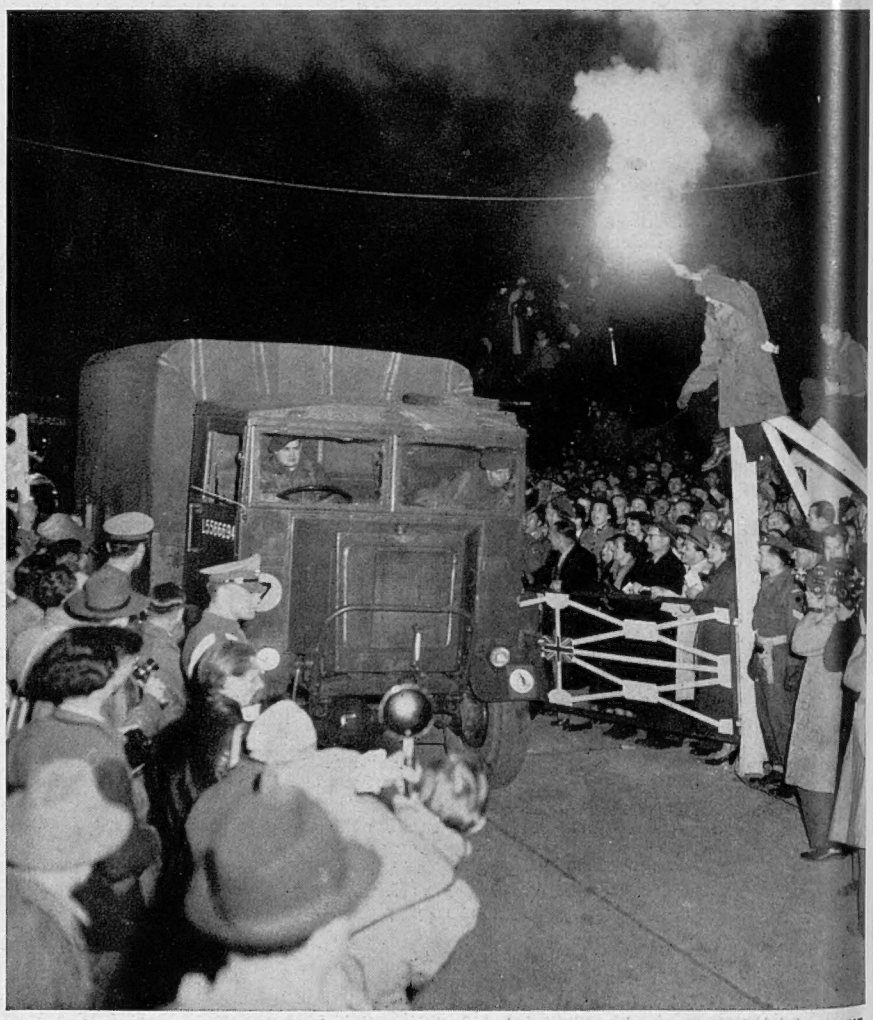
## How the First Train and the First Vehicles Reached the City

In the 322 days between the starting of the air-lift and the ending of the Russian blockade British and United States aircraft made over 195,000 flights to Berlin, carrying 1,414,000 tons of freight. Now the air-lift still goes on, helping to build up stocks in Berlin, but its great achievement belongs to history. What happened when the blockade was lifted is shown on these pages. At Helmstedt, on the British zonal boundary, there were particularly dramatic scenes when the first convoys set out along the autobahn, and Germans turned out in force to cheer our drivers on their way to Berlin. There were no incidents at the Russian check-point

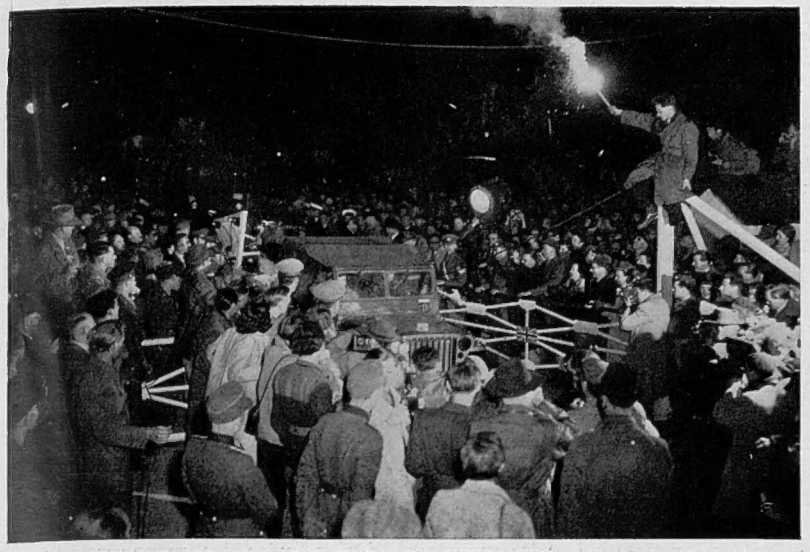


**THINGS ARE GETTING MOVING AGAIN IN THE HANOVER MARSHALLING YARDS : This aerial view was taken as mineral trains were made up preparatory to making deliveries of coal to Berlin along the reopened route**

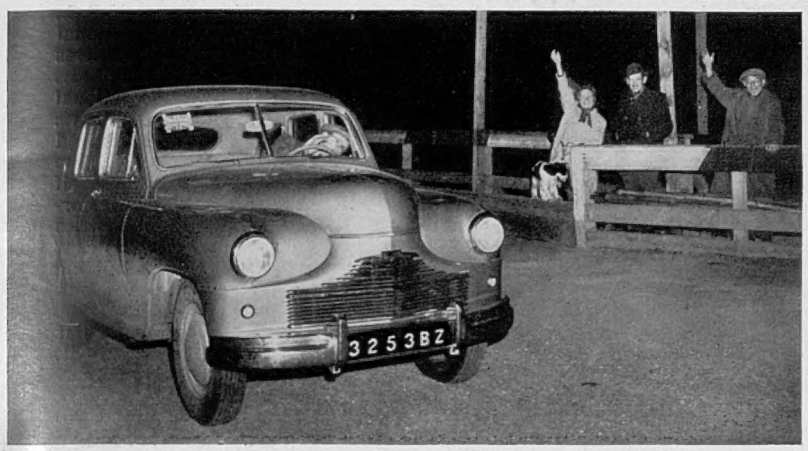
**THE BARGES ARE MOVING : All waterways and locks between Berlin and the West are in good order, and barges from the Western Zones are being allowed to pass freely provided they were registered with the Soviet authorities before the blockade. Inter-zonal coastal traffic has been resumed**



**THE FIRST BRITISH CONVOY PASSES THE BRITISH CHECK-POINT ON THE BORDERS OF THE RUSSIAN ZONE : This scene of jubilation took place in Helmstedt as delighted Germans turned out to watch the Berlin-bound traffic as it rolled through the town. The British drivers reported that Russian troops, entering into the spirit of the occasion, had cheered them as they passed down the autobahn to Berlin**

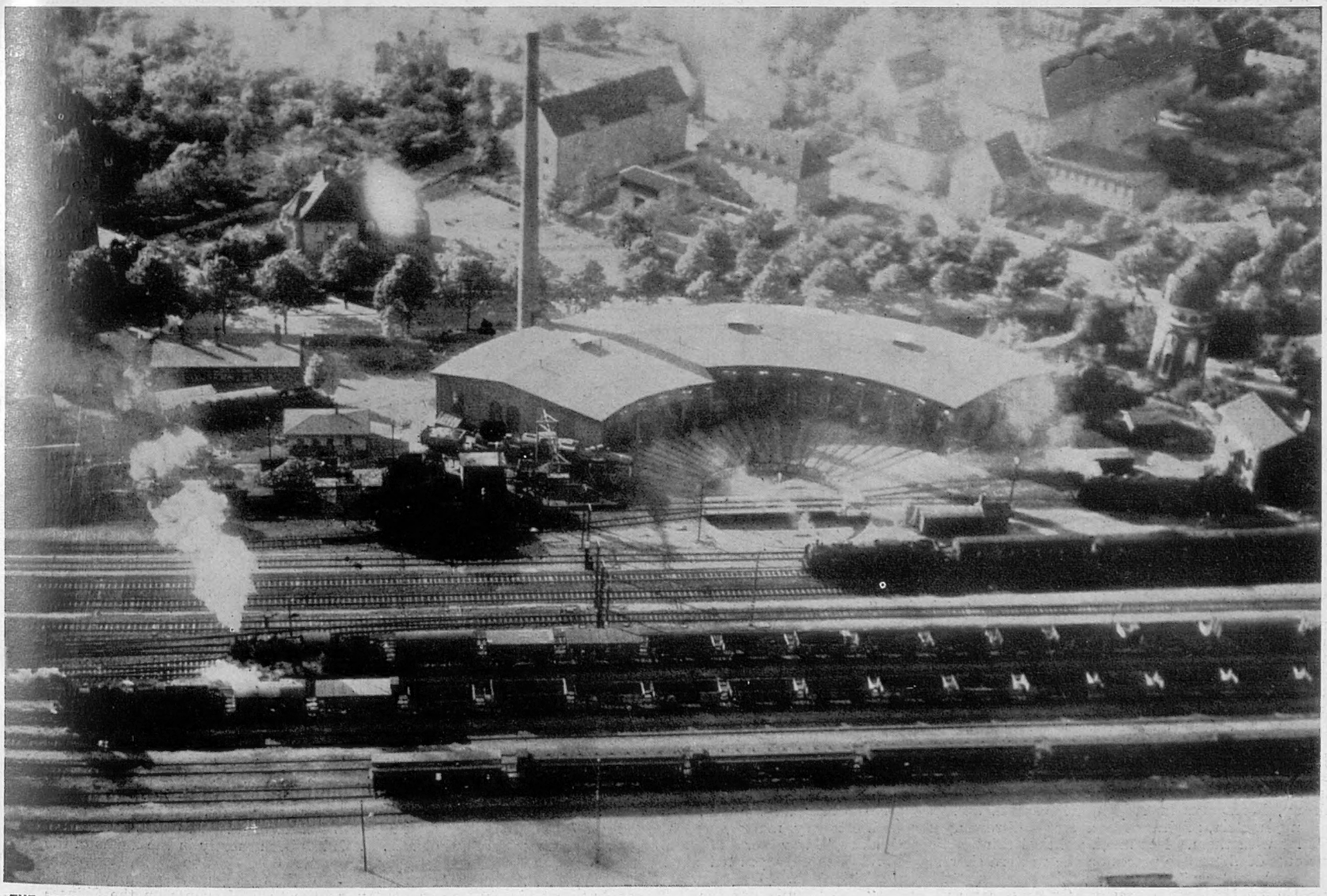


A MAGNESIUM FLARE TO LIGHT THEM ON THEIR WAY: How the first convoy passed through Helmstedt en route to Berlin, cheered on by some thousands of Germans who made it a festive occasion. At five minutes to midnight the area round the check-point resembled a Hollywood film set. As the first jeep passed under the barrier in the light of the Kleig lamps a number of German girls ran forward and threw armfuls of lilac into it




A BRITISH ZONE CAR CROSSES THE ELBE RIVER BRIDGE EN ROUTE TO BERLIN: The driver received a cheer from a small party standing on the bridge

BERLINERS GIVE A GAY SEND-OFF TO THE FIRST BUS TO LEAVE FOR THE WESTERN ZONES: The bus, bound for Hanover, was beflagged and garlanded. The driver of the bus received a numbered tally so that the military police could send a telephone warning that the vehicle was on its way down the autobahn



THE FREIGHT TRAINS LINE UP AT HELMSTEDT AND WITH STEAM UP ARE READY TO LEAVE FOR BERLIN: The deserted line has come to life, and is already shouldering no small part of the vast burden of the air-lift. The first train to cross the zonal frontier at Helmstedt was made up in two parts; the American half had come from Frankfurt and the British half from Bielefeld. Only four hours before the blockade was lifted there were surprise complications when the Russians demanded that all trains to and from Berlin should be drawn by Soviet Zone engines. It was fully agreed that Western Zone drivers could be used

# FORMOSAN BACKGROUND to HONG KONG

## Will it be the Scene of a Last Stand?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE South American diplomat who expressed the view several months ago, in London, that the Berlin Blockade was a Kremlin *ruse de guerre froide* contrived so as to pin Western attention well away from a plotted march of events in China, may have been right; at any rate, in notable part.

Only now, when the Russian-controlled Chinese Communist forces have forged south of Shanghai, is serious talk beginning to be heard of the need for a get-together policy on the part of those nations with footings, or direct security interests, in South-East Asia—obviously the ultimate goal, in this part of the world, of the still conquering Communists.

These countries are: Britain, the United States, France, the Netherlands, and, on the outer perimeter, Australia, New Zealand and India. One might even be justified in adding Portugal-in-Timor.

Note that they are all commonly looked upon as being in the same boat from the standpoint of defence—although one would hardly conclude as much from some of their goings-on. Rather has there been more than a suggestion of intermittent rocking of the boat to score off an ally.

The French may have some ground for suspecting that the idea is to "Syria" them out of Indo-China, just as the Dutch simply cannot see Americans and Australians lying awake o' nights, grieving for the absence of Democracy's blessings in Indonesia. What the Dutch do see, or suspect, is an attempt to jockey them out of this rich land, a pretext for doing so.

And there hasn't been any sign that the Americans would lift a finger to keep the British on in Hong Kong.

Clearly there can be only one result if the slightly cannibalistic hunt for world markets is not halted in the region covered by that highlight of initials, SEAC, and which extends from Formosa, at the top of the South China Sea, right round to the Bay of Bengal, with projections to the South-West Pacific. Most of it will fall bit by bit under Communist domination, however long it takes.

Its defence depends to a quite remarkable degree on islands (even to Singapore), so I suppose it is time we directed our attention to a newcomer to the news—Taiwan.

Formosa to us, this large island ninety miles off the South China coast, and facing midway between Shanghai and Canton, is now something of a background to Hong Kong. It may be 500 miles distant, but that is not much in air and sea strategy. The point is that there are distinct links between the island, where Chiang Kai-shek is preparing to resist, and Hong Kong Island, which is doing no less.

There are even those who predict that the Chinese Communists may elect to go for Formosa instead of, or, rather, before, Hong Kong.

In which event, would anybody help Chiang?

The point is of unusual interest because the first of a succession of strange things that one discovers about Formosa is that, in going there, Chiang has stepped on international soil.

This comes about as a legacy of the Cairo Conference of 1943—the only one that the Chinese Generalissimo attended. President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill agreed that Formosa should be returned to China, but this cannot be done *de jure* until a peace treaty is signed between the Pacific wartime Allies and Japan.

The second thing one discovers about Formosa, or Formosans, is that they have been thoroughly "Japanned" and, after another trial, do not want the Chinese. If they were more sure that the Far Eastern withstanders of Communism could keep their ends up, Formosans in Taipeh, the capital, and in Keelung, its port, might not be averse to throwing in their lot with them. Not much political thinking is done outside these two places on the western shore.

There have been Taiwanese calls for independence, for a United Nations trusteeship, for American rule, and for a return of Japanese administration. Evidently the favourite would be a continuance of the Far Eastern Commission, to which Formosa technically belongs at this moment, operating beside Island self-government. Yet people qualified to know, say the Formosans don't know what they want, and give their reason for saying so.

It is an odd one.

During their fifty years of domination the Japanese taught a large proportion of the 6,500,000 inhabitants to read and write. The Taiwanese are more technically literate than mainlanders. But there it stops. The Islanders are for the most part incapable of thinking for themselves or of acting on their own.

"A lovable people, but just plain dull," sums up one of the former 30,000 foreign residents, many of whom have dispersed. "They have to thank their Japanese friends for that—at least, very many Formosans cherish a nostalgia for Japanese days, much as they may have risen in revolt against their Tokyo mentors.

OFF TO HONG KONG: Men of the Leicestershire Regiment on their way back to barracks after drawing tropical kit. The Leicesters form part of the general movement of British land, sea and air forces towards Hong Kong. The cruiser "Jamaica" is expected at Hong Kong on May 31, and a squadron of Spitfire fighters is being transferred. The Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, has told the colonists to hope for the best and prepare for the worst, and he has called on them to rally to the local defence force

ALSO BOUND FOR THE FAR EAST: Men of the 1st Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment at Inglis Barracks, Mill Hill, before their departure for Hong Kong. They are seen returning training equipment to the military stores. The Army units at present in Hong Kong are the 25th Field Regiment, R.A., the 1st Battalion the Buffs, and the Gurkha Rifles

"Japan is written all over Formosa. The same small, delicate houses with paper walls and sliding roofs, the same rock gardens in bloom behind them. The majority of Formosans speak Japanese and follow Japanese customs. The same incessant bowing, the same walking ahead of wives, and the same love of Japanese prints, dolls, and shop goods in general.

"Yes, the Islanders have been 'Japanned' all right! And, mind you, the Japanese did a good deal that was good in the way of material development. But they were mental murder. They kept for themselves every administrative job that required the slightest grey matter, and warded off 'dangerous thinking'—any sort of thinking—by feeding the Formosans only printed matter that was adjudged good for them.

"The Islanders are a volatile lot, but part of it is due to a feeling of being 'put upon,' of helplessness. They flew off the handle against the Chinese two years ago, just as they had done against the Japanese, and they 'd do the same against Chiang's Nationalist troops if they had the arms. So would the fisherfolk of the Pescadores group, 25 miles away."

Yet the Formosans are heavily of Chinese origin save for some mixed blood from Japan and South-East Asia and a few thousand aborigines in the mountains, all that are left of head-hunting tribes which, up to ten or fifteen years ago, still ran as numerous as 200,000. What caused the revulsion of feeling in China's regard? That is easily answered by the Taiwanese: "We welcomed them as liberators but they came as conquerors."

Apparently the Chinese Nationalists have been doubly at fault, compared with the Japanese "only once." The Chinese lifted the blockade of the mind, but much of the good was undone by a police oppression as bad as Japan's. Where the Chinese went right down was in exploiting Formosan riches—against the Formosans.

The Japanese had increased the island's rice and sugar crops, and developed and integrated with the Empire such industries as hydro-electric power, oil refineries, and aluminium processing, and they were going ahead with irrigation plans calculated to change the face of a countryside lush with tropical vegetation. Formosans had jobs, ate well, and benefited by stable prices.

In four short years N.R.C., otherwise Nanking's National Resources Commission, seems to have done nothing less than disrupt Formosan national economy. Mainland merchants were encouraged to cross and make fortunes at the expense of the Islanders. N.R.C. itself milked off coal vital to Formosa's railways and industries and split up the latter so that to-day they are competing fiercely, skyrocketing costs, and separately dying.

A grave indictment, but figures are there to sustain it. In 1938 Formosa had a favourable balance of £13,000,000. Last year trade declined to 10 per cent. of normal.

On top of this, the Formosans have to stomach an invasion by refugees from China's civil war, whose number, still rapidly increasing, is put at anything between 250,000 and 300,000.

Hardly more welcome appear to be the Nationalist forces streaming over to Keelung, Before the Yangtse débâcle there were three divisions in training on the island. Now there are believed to be twice the number of troops—and not in such good shape either, Chiang has been credited with wishing for seven divisions for a Formosan Resistance (*not* a "last stand").

Nor does the ex-Generalissimo appear to lack war material on his island fastness. Shiploads of arms and equipment, part of the last £30,000,000 worth which the Americans made available while Nationalist armies were still holding out—only last autumn—as far north as Mukden, succeed one another in the overtaxed docks of Keelung.

Keelung, a port of 50,000 people, is some ninety miles distant from the South China coast. Keelung is said to be the place to watch for Communist infiltration.

Compared with the Trojan vulnerability of Hong Kong, Chiang is sitting pretty in Formosa. He has few Communists to contend with, is well served by distance, can exert a strong hold over a widely dispersed population. At this stage the Formosans are showing their dislike of the Chinese by grumbling, going slow, and shrugging their shoulders at orders. Nothing more.

How far such attitude may change, should depend on the results attained by the mainland Communists in running agents and arms to Formosa's long coastline.

In Formosa, as everywhere in menaced SEAC, the retort that pays full dividends is to better the lot of the locals. This has been mainly in the hands of the American Economic Co-operation Administration, but millions of dollars are now being withheld consequent upon the turn of events on the Chinese mainland.

It comes down to a question of—to help or not to help international Formosa?

HOW SHANGHAI PARTIALLY CLEARED HER GREAT WATERWAY WHEN PREPARING TO MEET THE COMMUNIST ASSAULT : An aerial view showing the Whangpoo River in the distance on the left and the Soochow Creek in the foreground. Both are usually thronged with junks and sampans, but when this picture was taken the Nationalist garrison commander had ordered that the channels be kept clear for military purposes. The traffic along the Bund and over the Garden Bridge would not appear to be abnormal. By last week the only escape route for those who wished to get out of Shanghai before the coming of the Communists was by sea, Maotse's troops having carried out a right flanking movement

# THE SHANGHAI BATTLES

## Life in the City During the Communist Assault

Last week the Communists, having recovered from the inevitable indigestion after swallowing the city of Nanking, and consolidating all their Yangtse bridgeheads, advanced on the great seaport of Shanghai. As usual, the Nationalists put out their last-ditch pronouncements, here and there claiming a victory or so, but more or less relentlessly the Communist tide swept on, and by the end of the week all escape routes from Shanghai had been effectively sealed.

In Shanghai itself all was chaos—as, indeed, it has been for some time past, and if the stream of refugees had ceased to render the main roads impassable, it was only because most of those who intended to go by road had already fled south. The most remarkable fact was the way in which the Whangpoo River and the Soochow Creek were rendered more or less free of junks and sampans by an order from the Nationalist garrison commander. It was at least proof of some remaining discipline in the Nationalist ranks, but few seriously thought that the Communists' steamroller could be halted for long.

THE DORMANT NATIONALIST : A Chinese soldier, well furnished with the best in American equipment, sleeping outside the Cathay Hotel, Shanghai. This British-owned building was taken over by the Nationalists as they prepared their defences in Shanghai

IN A CITY OF FINANCIAL TURMOIL : Silver-coin traders queueing-up at the Social Affairs Bureau to get applications for buying and selling silver coins. All unregistered silver-coin traders heard with dismay that if caught operating within the city limits of Shanghai they would lose their residence, cards, and be deported

TOSS A RING AND WIN A PRIZE! While most of the people of Shanghai were in a ferment, this street trader continued to operate his game of chance. His models are made of mud and some are very delightfully painted

WITH ALL ROAD AND RAIL ROUTES CUT BY THE COMMUNISTS, THE SEA REMAINED THE ONLY ESCAPE ROUTE FROM THE CITY : *Left*—These sampans were requisitioned by the Nationalist troops in order to patrol the waters round the seaport. No doubt they would also provide the final means of escape. *Right*—A southbound steamship thronged to capacity. The gangways on departing steamers have been going up long before the advertised sailing-time

# FIGHTING CRICKET

## Cambridge and the New Zealanders Add Zest to the Game

Cricket has started with a swing, and it would seem that we are in for another bumper season in which the game will be played in the robust post-war spirit which captains like Mann have done so much to foster. The presence of the New Zealanders would be in itself sufficient to make the season notable, but their attitude towards the game makes it doubly so. These visitors from down under obviously enjoy their cricket, and wherever they go they are for this very reason a joy to watch. The Championship has started well, with once lowly Northampton rivalling Glamorgan as a fighting force. There is, indeed, a very much less one-sided aspect to the competition. Middlesex are, of course, in the forefront once again, and Compton, prince of batsmen, emerges this year as a formidable left-hand googly bowler. His 5 for 73 against Nottingham was a fine effort. Another bright aspect of the opening week was the big partnership of Dewes and Doggart

**THE NEW ZEALANDERS THUMP THE WORCESTER ATTACK ON THE FAMOUS WORCESTER COUNTY GROUND :** W. A. Hadlee and V. J. Scott in action when they gave the County bowlers a merciless two and a quarter hours which produced 191 runs, drives and pulls bringing a spate of boundaries in very quick succession. Scott made 103 and Hadlee 97 out of a total of 425. The New Zealanders set about the Worcester attack from the first ball, and their whole attitude towards the game made it a joy to watch

**TWO HARD HITTERS IN ACTION :** Dewes (*left*) and Doggart (*right*) at Fenner's, where they made their tremendous second-wicket stand. The Cambridge captain, D. J. Insole, gave them the opportunity of going on to get the world record, but they preferred to put figures and records in their place and answer the demands of the match

**J. G. DEWES AND G. H. G. DOGGART, THE CAMBRIDGE PAIR WHO HAD A FIELD DAY AGAINST ESSEX AND SET UP A NEW ENGLISH RECORD FOR THE SECOND WICKET : Left—Dewes, who made 204 not out, and Doggart (right), who made 219.** They needed only 27 runs to claim the world record by the Indians, but they told their captain that they did not particularly wish to play on merely for the sake of a record. These two rising young cricketers scored at an average of 80 runs an hour. They gave three chances between them, and all these were late in the day. The previous best English second-wicket record was 398 by W. Gunn and A. Shrewsbury

**THE "TERRIBLE PAIR" HAVE A "TERRIBLE DAY" : W. J. Edrich is seen (left) being clean bowled by Jepson and Dennis Compton (right) is seen being caught in the slips off the same bowler. These two disasters followed in quick succession when Middlesex replied to the Notts total in their first County match of the season at Lord's. Jepson's pace very nearly caused a disaster for Middlesex, but Robertson and Leslie Compton came to the rescue and Middlesex actually surpassed the Notts first innings total of 304, declaring at 309 for 7. In the end the match was drawn with Middlesex on the verge of defeat**

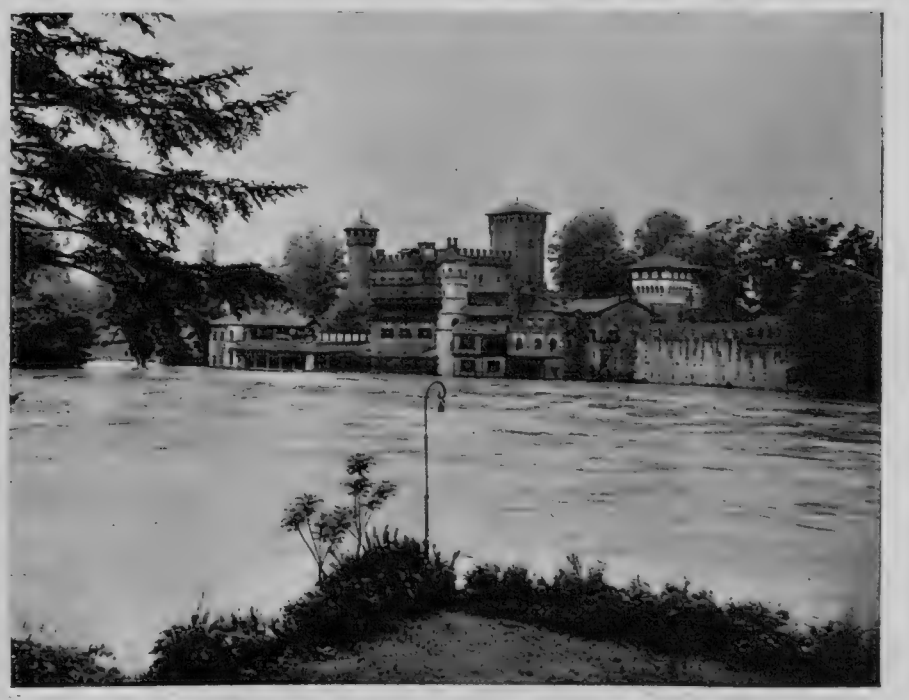
**WHEN HEAVY RAINS AFTER A LONG DROUGHT BROUGHT THE RIVER PO DOWN IN SPATE: Flooding in the Moncalieri district, on the outskirts of Turin, where houses were recently inundated and communications disrupted. The River Po rose 13 ft. to its highest level for twenty years and numerous bridges were weakened or washed away**

# THE TURIN FLOODS

## The River Po Overflows its Banks

There was over 1 ft. of water in low-lying parts of Turin when the River Po came down in spate, and in Moncalieri and other places on the outskirts of the great industrial city, the flood menace was even more serious. The Po was swollen by many days of almost uninterrupted rain, and from its source in the Cottian Alps, through Piedmont, Lombardy and Venetia, it became a raging torrent. Many of the farmers in the plains round Turin will be heavy losers as a result of the floods, the winter wheat crop having been severely damaged.

**TURIN TAKES ON A VENETIAN ASPECT: Two people and their belongings being brought to safety after the Po had inundated their home. The river spread far and wide across the countryside, damaging much of the wheat just beginning to develop after being checked by a drought**



**WHERE THE SWOLLEN RIVER PO RUNS THROUGH THE VALENTINE PARK, TURIN: The river in spate after the abnormal spring rains. On the other side of the river is the Royal chateau Il Valentino, a turreted building of the seventeenth century**

1. EIRE'S POLITICIANS UNITE ON A VITAL ISSUE: Premier John Costello (centre) and Mr. de Valera (second from right) at the All-Party Anti-Partition of Ireland Conference held at Leinster House, Dublin

2. LAND ROVERS AT KILLINDINI DOCKS: Some of the 1,400 cars ready to be sent up-country to the Kenya farmlands

3. THE BULL-FIGHTING SEÑORITA MAKES HER BOW IN PARIS: Conchita Cintron, of Peru, appearing on horseback at the Palais des Sports

4. CONCHITA CINTRON IN ACTION: The woman bull-fighter in the Paris ring. She was not permitted to kill her bull at the close of the fight

# FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

A Survey of Events Abroad

**1. EIRE AND THE IRELAND BILL:** It takes a controversial Bill in the British Parliament, it seems, to unite the leaders of the Dail. At any rate, Mr. John Costello, Eire's Premier, and the members of his Coalition, sat down with Mr. de Valera, the Opposition leader and chief of Fianna Fail, at the All-Party Anti-Partition of Ireland Conference held in Leinster House, Dublin, and after a two-hour meeting they decided to launch an appeal direct to the people of Ireland against the "monstrous things being done in London." The words in the Ireland Bill which led Mr. Costello and Mr. de Valera to unite over this issue are those which give statutory form to Mr. Attlee's assurance of last October that the establishment of a Republic in Eire would not in any way prejudice the constitutional position of Northern Ireland. One of the most outspoken of the Eire Ministers on this subject has been Mr. J. M. Dillon, the Minister of Agriculture. Here is a sample of his reasoning on the subject: "The Irish people have been your neighbours for a long time; we have found you to be a troublesome and fractious neighbour most of that time, but we have always known that fundamentally the British people are a decent people, and, whatever temporary aberrations may from time to time betray them into injustice and sometimes even savagery, in the long run their fundamental decency reasserts itself and laboriously they set about repairing the consequences of their follies. This knowledge has compelled Irish leaders of more than one generation to experience political ruin, because rising generations of our people grew impatient and invoked violence in lieu of argument to reach their ends. In every such case that which was denied by British Governments to argument founded on reason has been conceded subsequently to violence, and on each such occasion some English and some Irish young men died before their time, when it would have been so much better if they had been allowed to live and work together for the many ideals that the English and the Irish hold in common."

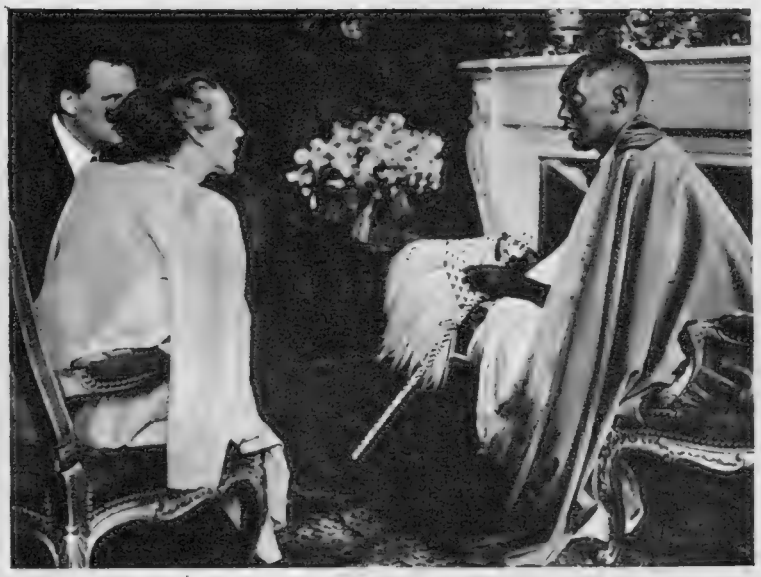
**2. BRITAIN'S MOUNTING CAR EXPORTS:** During May and June more than 1,400 cars were due to arrive at Killindini Docks for the East African market, and reports from Killindini indicate that the vehicles are piling up faster than the harbour authorities can deal with them. Britain is sending more and more cars to the Dominions, Crown Colonies and Protectorates, as witness her export figures for March, when 22,500 cars valued at £6,100,000 were marketed abroad. There has been a severe drop, however, in the export of cars to the United States, as British manufacturers are now meeting strong sales resistance on the American continent.

**3, 4 and 5. A BULL-FIGHT IN PARIS:** Bull-fighting in the South of France, often of the crudest kind, has been permitted for years, and many holiday-makers on the Biscay coast or on the Riviera have seen the Sunday performance. In Paris, however, it is a complete novelty indeed, and the recent bull-fight at the Palais des Sports was rendered even more remarkable through the fact that the chief attraction was Conchita Cintron, the woman bull-fighter from Peru. This tall, tanned,

**THE "MAGDALENA" INQUIRY:** Mr. Douglas Lee, captain of the ill-fated liner, with his lawyer, Mr. Alberto Torres Filho, were attending the first session of the inquiry into the *Magdalena* disaster, which was held in the Harbour Chief's office at Rio de Janeiro

5. PLACING A BANDERILLA: Conchita Cintron plants a dart in the shoulders of the bull as it charges past her in the arena at the Palais des Sports in Paris

**6. BELGIUM'S REGENT VISITS THE POPE: Prince Charles with high officials of the Papal Court as he arrived for an audience with His Holiness at the Vatican**



**7. ROYAL EXCHANGES AT LAEKEN: Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians receiving the Mwami of Ruanda, 7-ft.-tall ruler from the Congo**

blonde toreador, with the cool, grey eyes, is said to be the only woman bull-fighter in the world. She was not permitted to kill her bulls in the Paris ring, and it is said that she used dummy barbs. Even though the spectacle was thus diluted for northern eyes, it certainly brought Parisians flocking to the arena. Conchita Cintron, now aged twenty-five, is a bull-fighter of seven years' experience. In 1947 she flew to Europe and appeared in the Bayonne ring, where she received 600 guineas for her performance. At that time it was said that she had amassed a fortune of £50,000, and by now that figure must be vastly greater. Señorita Cintron has so far despatched 300 bulls. In Peru the Señorita fights on foot, as well as on horseback. She wears a dark, wide-brimmed hat, a neatly-cut jacket and a leather skirt elaborately adorned. As a young girl she was trained in horsemanship by Señor de Camara, a Spanish nobleman.

**6 and 7. IN THE REGENT'S ABSENCE:** Prince Charles, the Regent of Belgium, and his mother, Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, have both been in the news of late, the Queen-Mother by reason of the fact that the Regent had been absent in Switzerland, where he saw King Leopold, and in Rome, where he was received in audience by the Pope. As a result Queen Elizabeth made several public appearances. Among her visitors at Laeken was the Mwami of Ruanda, the 7-ft. tall ruler from the Belgian Congo who was on a State visit to Belgium. The Mwami, who is in Europe for the first time, speaks fluent French.

**8. A DAY OF COMMEMORATION IN FRANCE:** The second Sunday in May is always observed as a *fête nationale*, for Joan of Arc, and it is now the established custom to celebrate at the same time the German surrender on May 7, 1945. In addition, this year the centenary of the birth of Marshal Gallieni, the victor of the Marne, was observed, while May 8 also saw the first of the ceremonies marking the sixth centenary of the cession of the Dauphiné to the King of France in 1349. In Paris the President of the Republic attended ceremonies at the Joan of Arc statue at the Arc de Triomphe, and at the statue to Marshal Gallieni. At the same time in Orleans Joan of Arc Day was the occasion for elaborate festivities. Delegations converged on the city from all parts of France, and among the honoured guests of the city was the Mayor of Wichita, Kansas, which has adopted Orleans.

**9. SHAKE-UP IN THE SOVIET MILITARY COMMAND IN AUSTRIA:** The departure from Vienna of Colonel-General Kurasov, Russian Commander-in-Chief and High Commissioner in Austria, occasioned no great surprise, as it was understood that he was marked out for preferment. The arrival of Lieut.-General Sviridov to fill the vacant post also constituted preferment, as this former Commander in Budapest not only assumes control of the Red Army in Austria but of the "line of communication" troops in Hungary and Rumania. It was Lieut.-General Sviridov's intervention in Hungarian affairs that made inevitable the installation of a Communist-dominated Government in Hungary.

**10. PREPARING THE FINAL STAGE FOR THE WESTERN STATE:** On May 10 the city of Bonn was chosen as the West German capital by the West German Constituent Assembly, which gave 33 votes in favour of Bonn as against 29 for Frankfurt. The Basic Law, the constitution for the new State, has at the time of writing reached its fourth reading, and next Monday it is due to come before the Council of Foreign Ministers. The Constitution itself may be very different from the Constitution the Germans would have made if left to themselves, but it does represent in broad outline the kind of democratic federal Germany which Germans as a whole would appear to desire and which will one day be required to deal on an equal footing with the nations of the world.

**8. ORLEANS CELEBRATES THE 520TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS LIBERATION BY ST. JOAN: The St. Joan statue at the city hall is adorned with flowers**

**MINING LEADERS IN WASHINGTON:** Achille Delattre, President of the Belgian Miners' Union; John L. Lewis, President of the United Mineworkers of America; and Sir William Lawther, Secretary of the International Federation and President of the British Mineworkers' Union, met at the opening session of the meeting of mining leaders from Europe and Japan at Washington

**9. GENERAL KURASOV LEAVES VIENNA: The Soviet military commander inspecting a guard of honour furnished by the Americans in front of U.S. Army headquarters**

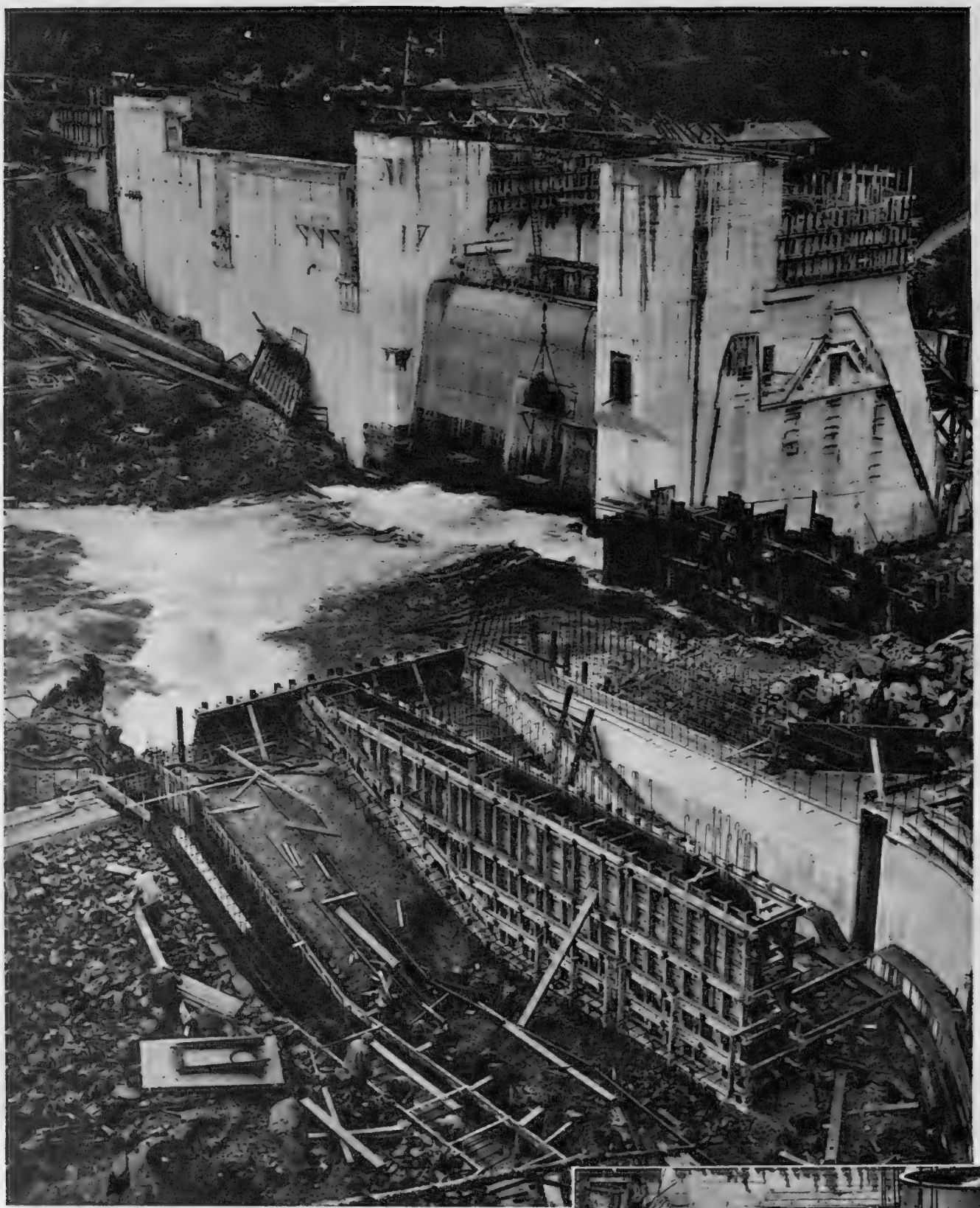
**10. IN BONN, NEW CAPITAL OF WEST GERMANY: Members of the West German Parliament voting on revisions of the new Constitution**

# POWER IN THE GLENS

## The Progress of the Tummel-Garry Hydro-Electric Scheme

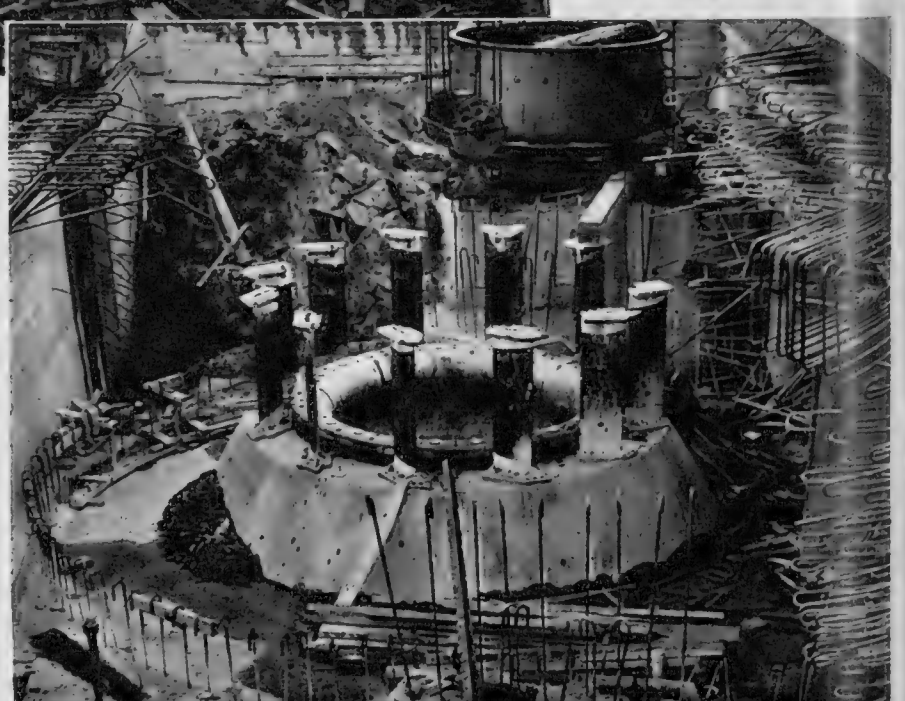
The projects of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, now voted more sums from the National purse, are calculated in less than a generation to transform the face of the Highlands, bringing industries to areas that have long been languishing; where the crofter has found but a scant livelihood and real distress exists at the present moment. Most ambitious of the Board's twenty-four schemes, and by far the most spectacular, relates to the River Tummel, in Perthshire. The river is being dammed at Clunie, and the waters are to be carried to the Clunie Power Station via a tunnel bored in Cammoch Hill, a rocky outcrop, which has presented some vast engineering problems for the drilling teams engaged in the two-year task of piercing it from end to end, a distance of nearly two miles. There is to be another dam at Pitlochry, and the water which will drive the turbines at Clunie will be used again at the Pitlochry Power Station farther downstream. Before reaching Clunie the water is used at both Rannoch and Tummel Bridge; and when the Errochty Power Station comes into operation in 1952 or 1953 it will be used there as well. So it will be seen that the Scottish engineers are wasting nothing.

When the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board first proposed this mighty power project, which is known officially as the Tummel-Garry scheme, there was an impulse locally and nationally to oppose it. Inevitably the Board won the argument, and it appears also that they have won over local opinion. Already the town of Pitlochry has been given a public park to replace the one which will be drowned behind the Pitlochry Dam, and it is evident already that the loch which will be formed beside the town will be a first-class tourist attraction. The new roads which have been made for public use are also a powerful attraction, as they open up new and pleasing prospects.

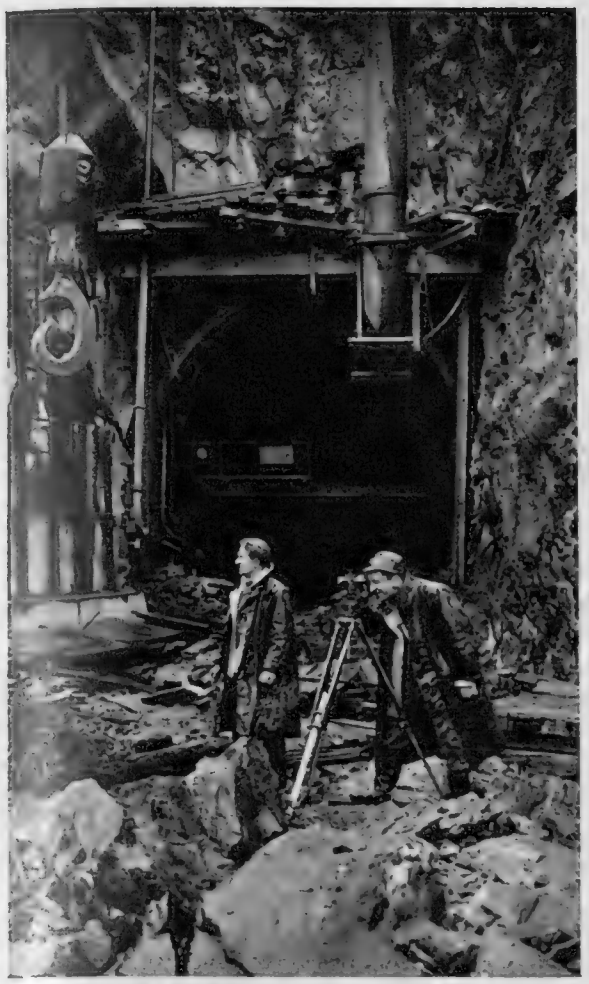


**THE RISE OF THE CLUNIE DAM:** The great structure, which was begun in November 1946, has now been carried halfway across the turbulent rock-ribbed River Tummel and when completed it will raise the level of Loch Tummel by 17 ft., imprisoning behind it a vast acreage of water. In the foreground is the entrance to the Clunie Tunnel which runs for nearly two miles beneath the mountains, and will carry water to the Clunie Power Station. This water will in turn discharge into the reservoir, created by the new Pitlochry Dam

**THE TASK OF CEMENTING THE CLUNIE TUNNEL:** Cement being carried forward on a conveyor-belt to the "shuttering." The concrete-lined tunnel of horseshoe section will have a finished diameter of 22 ft. 6 ins., and will be the largest water tunnel in Great Britain. Concrete is being poured in at the rate of 500 cubic yards per week

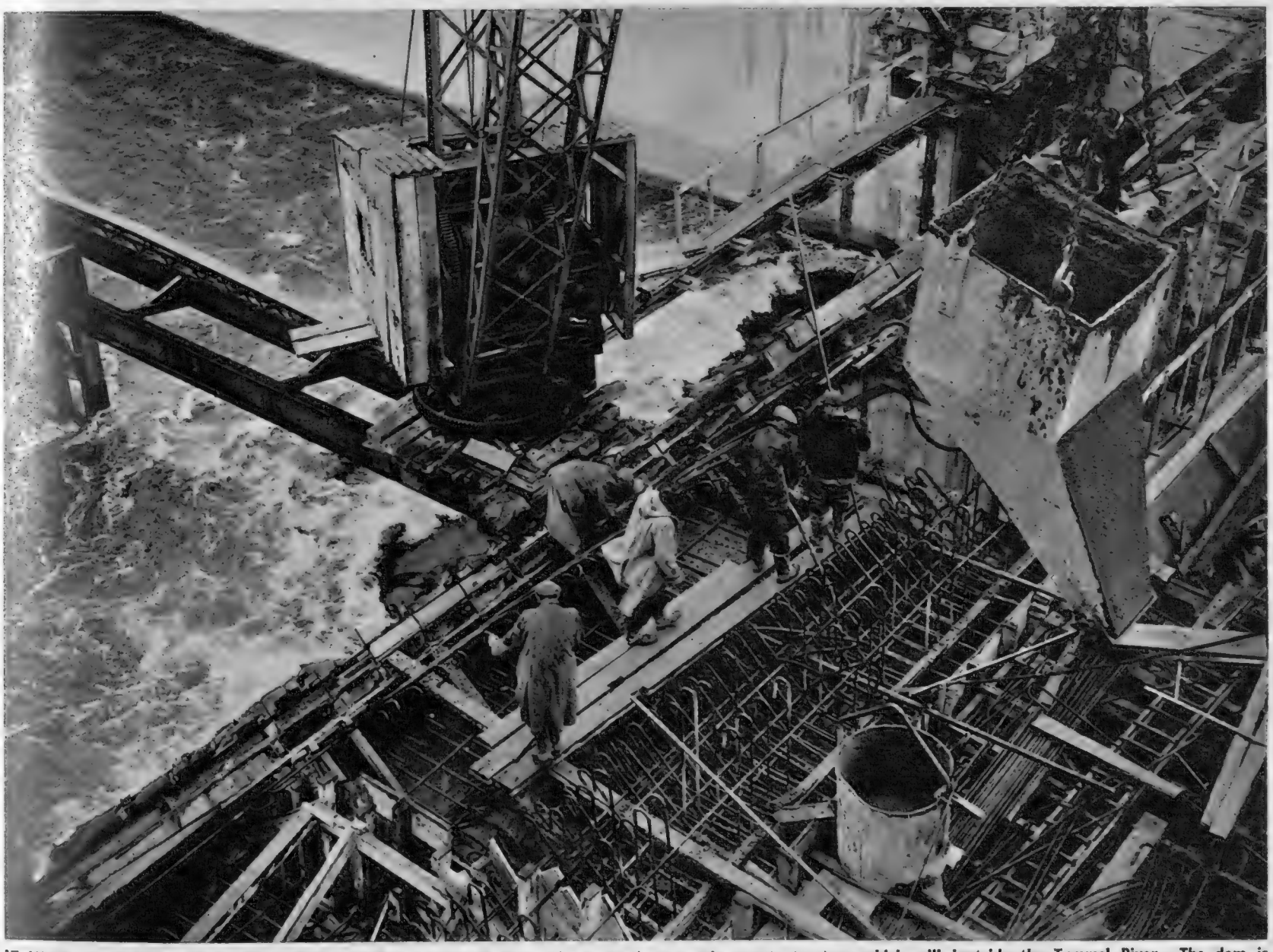


**THE FOUNDATIONS IN THE TURBINE HOUSE AT THE PITLOCHRY POWER STATION:** Pitlochry Power Station will form part of the structure of the dam in much the same way as the Wheeler power-houses on the Tennessee River form part of Wheeler Dam. The Pitlochry, Clunie and Errochty stations will have a total capacity of 145,000 kw. and an annual output of 300,000,000 units. Clunie, with its three alternators, will have the largest annual output of the three stations



**THE CLUNIE TUNNEL INTAKE AT CLUNIE DAM : Through it the waters of the River Tummel will be carried to the Clunie Power Station.** The tunnel strikes through the hard rock of Cammoch Hill, and drilling teams have been working from both directions for two years past to make contact

**EACH THE DIAMETER OF LONDON'S TUBES : Intake pipes of the Clunie Power Station, which will draw its water supplies through the tunnel carved through Cammoch Hill.** A key factor regarding the power scheme in the Grampians is the complete way in which it harnesses the resources of the area. The water used at the existing Rannoch and Tummel Bridge stations is used again at Clunie and Pitlochry, so that it will turn four sets of generators—five, in fact, when the Errochty station begins to operate three or four years from now



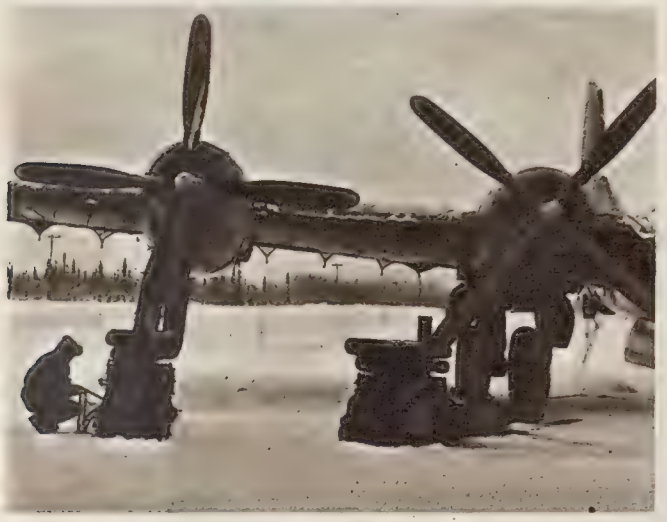
**AT WORK ON THE WALL OF PITLOCHRY DAM : Men engaged in concreting operations on the great structure which will bestride the Tummel River. The dam is to be 475 ft. wide and 54 ft. high, and incorporated in part of the walls will be the power station. The drum gates at Pitlochry will hold the water at a pre-determined level and will regulate the flow in the lower reaches of the river for the benefit of both the agricultural and the fishing interests**

# MAPPING ALASKA from the AIR

## The Gigantic Task of the 72nd Photo Reconnaissance Squadron

When Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of State made the Alaska Purchase, buying the vast Arctic territory from Russia for 1d. per acre, America did not know exactly what she had acquired, beyond the fact that 586,400 acres of land and water had passed into her possession. Now at long last she is finding out, and with the aid of tri-camera photography the technicians of the 72nd Photo Reconnaissance Squadron of the United States Air Force are building up an overall picture of what may one day become another state of the American Union. The 72nd Squadron, which made its first Alaskan flights in 1946, has done a magnificent job, and by degrees maps of Alaska, which previously showed huge patches marked unexplored or uncharted, have been filled in to indicate streams, rivers, mountains and ravines. The method of photography most widely used by the Squadron is known as tri-metrogon. Three cameras are mounted in the rear section of the RB-29, one vertically, with the others inclined at an angle of 60 degrees to each side. They operate simultaneously to show the terrain from horizon to horizon.

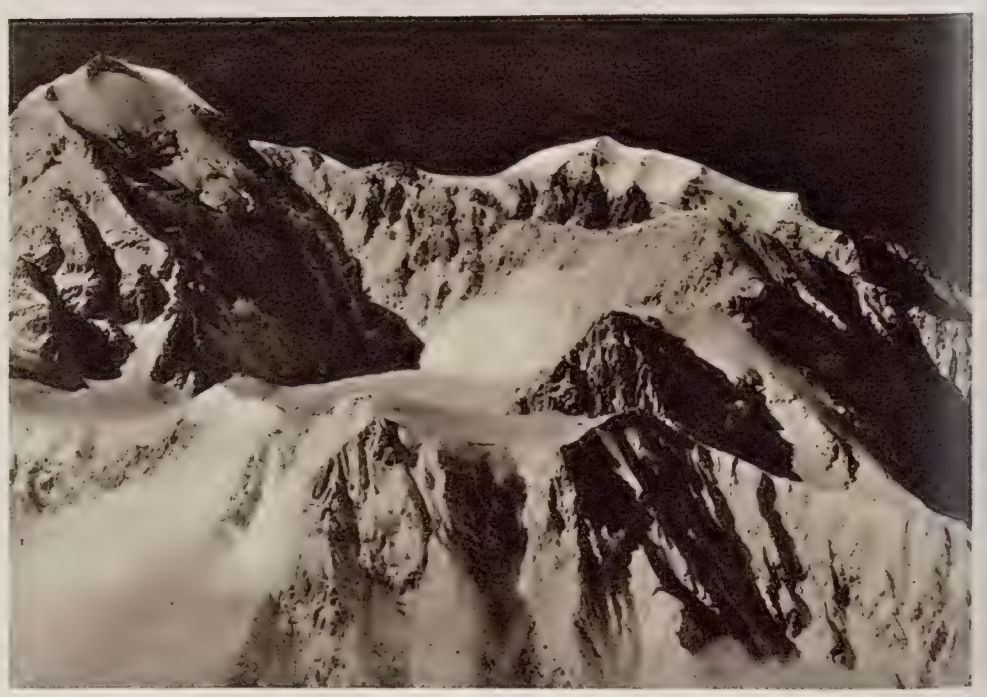
**PEAKS WHICH DEFIED EXPLORATION ARE NOW MAPPED IN A MATTER OF HOURS:** A Superfortress of the 72nd Photo Reconnaissance Squadron of the United States Air Force making a "photo run" over hitherto uncharted territory. The Squadron's responsibility is to "photo map" the whole Alaskan area, not only for defence purposes but to aid civil development and determine the resources of this vast terrain on the fringe of the Arctic Circle. So far, 100,000 square miles have been mapped and 500,000 film negatives have been exposed



**FIGHTING A CONSTANT BATTLE AGAINST THE COLD:** The engines of a Superfort being warmed up with Herman Nelson heaters, well in advance of take-off time. Only by using these heaters can easy starting be ensured, thus enabling the Superforts engaged on photo reconnaissance in Alaska to keep to their time schedule. Wing-covers are used to prevent ice from accumulating on the wings of the aircraft

**WHEN A 60-M.P.H. BLIZZARD SWEPT LADD AIR FORCE BASE AT FAIRBANKS:** Members of the crew braving the weather to lash their plane securely. Blizzards such as this are a rarity at Fairbanks, where velocities seldom exceed 5 m.p.h. There was no serious loss of equipment on this occasion

**PORING OVER THE RESULTS OF A MAP-MAKING MISSION:** Their first task is to match the topographical details and the overlapping pictures will then be trimmed and mounted



**THE MAJESTIC HEIGHTS OF MOUNT McKINLEY, ALASKA'S LOFTIEST RANGE:** The 20,300-ft. giant is a familiar sight to the men of the 72nd Photo Reconnaissance Squadron. Mt. McKinley lies due west of Fairbanks, and most of the Superforts pass it on their surveying journeys

**INSPIRED BY THE FIFTH DALAI LAMA, THE GREAT PALACE OF THE POTALA, IN LHASA, WHICH WAS BEGUN IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AND REMAINS ONE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD : The fifth Dalai Lama died in 1682, but for sixteen years the fact was hidden from the people so that they might proceed with the task in honour of their great leader. Had the people heard of his death they would have stopped work immediately. As it was, they toiled daily for years, receiving only food as their wages. Pilgrims still flock to Lhasa by the thousand ; rich and poor alike all bring gifts for the ruler, and there are said to be treasure stores in the Potala beyond the wildest dreams**

# STILL MYSTERIOUS TIBET

**A Special *Sphere* Section Depicting Life in Lhasa, Tibet's Capital and Place of Pilgrimage**

Tibet became a powerful kingdom in the seventh century A.D., and in the following century it is actually recorded that it exacted a tribute from China. Some ten centuries later the Manchu Empire, taking advantage of dissension between Mongols and Tibetans regarding the succession to the sixth Dalai Lama, sent an army to Lhasa, and for many years to come the Manchus remained the real overlords. They even attempted at one time to convert Tibet from a loose form of vassalage into a province of China. In the present century Tibet has completely asserted her independence of China, thanks in large measure to the dominance of the thirteenth Dalai Lama, the greatest autocrat of his day and a controller of both temporal and spiritual power. To-day Tibet, under a Regent, acting for the 14th Dalai Lama, a minor, remains as inaccessible and as mysterious as ever. The white man still has to have permission to go there, and visits are few and far between. Most of the pictures in this section of THE SPHERE were taken by Lieut.-General Sir Philip Neame, V.C., who, in the steps of Younghusband, is one of the few who have been privileged to enter Lhasa and learn something of its mysteries. Sir Philip's account of his visit starts on the next page.

**THE OLD SUMMER PALACE IN THE JEWEL GARDEN AT LHASA : This building, decorated externally and internally with lovely lacquer work and gilding, is about a century old. There is also a new palace built by the late Dalai Lama. The furnishings of both palaces include silk hangings and padded divans of silk brocade**

**THE REGENT OF TIBET :** He is the nominal ruler of the country and he was nominated by the great thirteenth Dalai Lama, the dominating personality who rid Tibet of the Chinese and whose death in 1933 at the age of sixty was a tragic loss to the land. The Regent, a Lama chosen from Reting Monastery, acts on behalf of the new Dalai Lama, a minor, and he is assisted by a Premier and a Council of four Ministers

**NECHUNG TEMPLE, LHASA, THE HOME OF THE TA LAMA, THE STATE ORACLE OF TIBET:** The house is a gem of Tibetan Buddhist architecture with turreted pagoda-like roofs covered in gold leaf, and containing many gilded idols and gold temple vessels and lamps. The pronouncements of the Lhasa oracle, like those of Delphi in classical days, are notably non-committal

**A MODERN STONE-BUILT HOUSE IN THE CITY OF LHASA: It is typical of Tibetan architecture, with its sloping walls and a more or less flat roof.** The house is very solidly built and has well-dressed stone blocks. By comparison the poorer houses of Lhasa are built of baked clay

# STILL MYSTERIOUS TIBET

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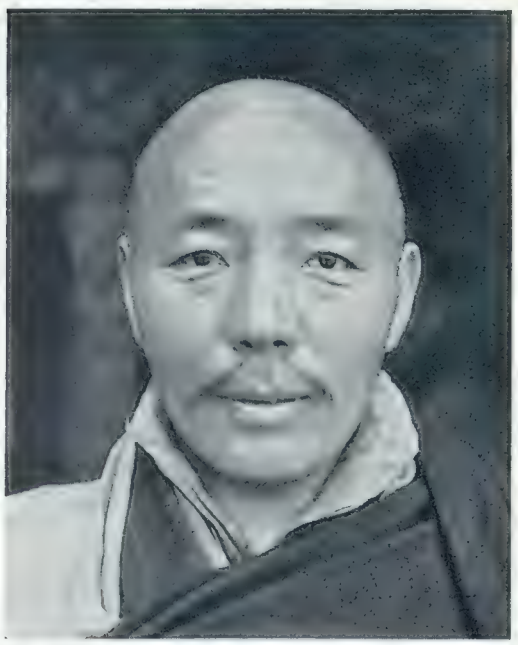

**THE STATE ORACLE, THE TA LAMA: He is consulted on major State matters while in a trance. Sir Philip Neame, on his visit to Lhasa, met the Ta Lama and describes him as "a very astute individual and very much a man of affairs"**

**THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD PANCHAN LAMA, SPIRITUAL RULER OVER 9,000,000 TIBETANS, SEATED BETWEEN HIS REGENT (LEFT) AND AN ADVISER AT KUMBUM LAMASSERY, NORTH-WEST CHINA: At Kumbum the Panchan Lama lives in exile, and it seems doubtful if he will ever return to his monastery at Tashi Lhumpo. The Panchan Lama is supposed to share leadership of Tibet with the Dalai Lama**

**THE PRIME MINISTER OF TIBET: The Lon-chen, who has four Cabinet Ministers to aid him. His actual influence upon affairs is doubtful, and there are times when the Lon-chen gives the impression of being a mere figurehead**

*Lieut.-General Sir Philip Neame, V.C., a distinguished soldier who retired from active duty in 1947, had the good fortune to accompany a political mission to Tibet, despatched by the Government of India before the Second World War. His account of the Mission, which follows, adds interest to this special pictorial section of* THE SPHERE *dealing with a land that still remains as mysterious as ever and, mainly for geographical reasons, remains largely inaccessible.*

The frontiers of Tibet and especially the city of Lhasa, the capital, have been forbidden to all foreigners and especially Europeans for many centuries. Warren Hastings, the great Governor-General of India under the East India Company, sent two British officers to Lhasa over 150 years ago; no other Europeans entered the country until the British Expedition of 1904 fought its way to Lhasa and a peaceful arrangement was made whereby India and Tibet became good neighbours and trade was organised and encouraged. But, even then, no Englishman or any European could go to Lhasa except by express invitation. I was, in fact, the first and only military officer who had gone to Lhasa since 1904.

The difficulties facing the Tibetans were that their thirteenth Dalai Lama was dead and no reincarnation had been found; the Tashi Lama was in exile and sporadic fighting had been going on for years with the Chinese on their eastern frontier. Their Government and Army were weak and somewhat in disorder. There were, then, risks and fears of Japanese inroads in the future.

The Mission which I accompanied approached Lhasa one August morning, thirty or forty of us, all mounted on little Tibetan or Mongolian ponies. The most phlegmatic person could hardly avoid a thrill when, rounding a cliff on the banks of the Kyi Chu, the river of Lhasa, we had the first sight of the Potala, the Palace-Temple of the Dalai Lama, with its golden roofs glittering in the bright sunshine of these high altitudes.

A few miles from Lhasa we were given an official reception in an ideal setting, a picturesque summer-house set in a pretty little park where a crowd of the high officials of the Lhasa Government met us and presented ceremonial scarves corresponding to "visiting-cards" from the Regent, the Lon-chen (Prime Minister), and the Shapés (Cabinet Ministers) of the Kashag (Cabinet).

After tea-drinking and exchange of compliments, we rode on to our future residence and camp at Deki ling-ka, a summer-house and garden lent to us by the Abbot of one of the great Gompas (monasteries). After apologies by our hosts for only preparing a light lunch, we were faced with thirteen dishes of very solid hors d'œuvres of meat and vegetables, followed in rapid succession by four entrées of hot spiced meats, mushrooms, sharks' fins and sea-slugs. Finally in came the

AMONG THE RAGYABAS, THE SCAVENGER COMMUNITY WHICH OCCUPIES A QUARTER OF LHASA AND TENTS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY: This tent is protected from the wind by a wall made of yak horns. More often than not the winds that sweep across the Lhasa plains are of gale force. The Ragyabas not only kill yaks and sheep for meat, working in this capacity for the higher-class Buddhists, but they prepare corpses for disposal, cutting them up and giving them to the dogs in accordance with a charitable principle of the Buddhists

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THE POTALA, THE PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA: Lamas in their long, claret-coloured robes at prayer in the principal shrine of the great hill palace. In the centre, facing the camera, is an abbot leading the prayers. The shrine on the right is decorated with golden vessels. The Potala, private palace of the priest king, is perhaps the most impressive religious building in all Asia. Its five gilded buildings rise 300 ft. above the plain

A TIBETAN ARCHER FIRING WITH THE MONGOL BOW: The bow is of exactly the same type as that used by the hordes of Genghis Khan in the days when they swept across Asia. This archer, aiming at a 4-in. bull's-eye, achieved some accurate shooting from 50 and 60 yards. In practice, a "whistling arrow" is used. This has a flat, wooden head pierced with a hole which creates a whistling noise

standard main course of spaghetti in soup; it is polite to eat three bowlfuls of this. We had to eat everything with chopsticks.

Our first ten days were entirely spent in receiving visitors and returning calls. Before embarking on this we had lessons in Tibetan deportment and manners from our expert, Norbhu Dhondup. If one does not conform to their customs, the Tibetans regard visitors as "barbarians."

The Government in Lhasa normally comprises the Dalai Lama, spiritually co-equal with the Panchan Lama, whose seat is officially at the great monastery of Tashi-Lhumpo, near Shigatse, on the Tsangpo River west of Lhasa. The Dalai Lama is supreme in civil affairs, especially during the lifetime of the recently deceased Dalai Lama, who was in fact a dictator. The sixth Panchan Lama was in exile in China, due to a quarrel with the all-powerful thirteenth Dalai Lama, and died on his return journey to Tibet from some mysterious illness, in December 1937, four years after the Dalai Lama. New reincarnations of the fourteenth Dalai Lama and the seventh Panchan Lama have been found and are now being educated under religious control. The former, known officially as Ngawang Lopsang Tupden Gyatso, will assume his administrative duties on his majority in 1951.

There is a Lon-chen, or Prime Minister, and four Cabinet Ministers (Shapés), three lay and one lama, in the Cabinet. A Regent, nominated by the thirteenth Dalai Lama, was supreme after his death. But to all appearances both the Regent and Lon-chen were mere figureheads, only appearing on ceremonial occasions, and the conduct of affairs was in the hands of the Cabinet, who are much influenced by the opinions of the Council of State. The Khempos (abbots) of the great monasteries hold great sway in this Council, and so nearly all decisions are in accordance with the wishes of the religious hierarchy. Tibet is priest-ridden to a degree unknown in Europe since the days of the Inquisition. The Lama Shapé (Minister) has a Department of State controlling all the monasteries and religious foundations, about 30 per cent. of the population being lamas. The Chekyab Khempo is in charge with four grand secretaries under him, whose grading in the official hierarchy is the same as that of the Commander-in-Chief. So it is apparent that the Army takes a lowly place.

I cannot end these "vignettes" of personalities without mentioning the State Oracle of Tibet, the Ta Lama (High Lama) of Nechung, the lovely little temple which lies between Drepung Gompa and the Potala. He is the equivalent of the Oracle of Delphi or the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon at Siwa Oasis whom Alexander the Great consulted. The Tibetan Government consult him on all great decisions of State. He goes into a real trance, throws violent fits and spasms, and gives voice to cryptic sayings. Report has it that the present incumbent has so far successfully avoided making any statement definite enough for him ever to be proved wrong.

(Continued on next page)

# STILL MYSTERIOUS TIBET

*(Continued from previous page)*

**FOUR OF THE SIX ABBOTS OF DREPUNG:** They are in charge of the largest of the three big monasteries near Lhasa. There are 7,000 lamas at Drepung, and they are organised into six colleges, each under an abbot. Though many lamas are debased and uneducated, the Tibetan abbots are invariably learned in the Buddhist scriptures and ancient writings

**IN LHASA CATHEDRAL:** This is the principal idol in the Tsuk Lha-kang ("Head House of God"), which lies amid the rabbit-warren of houses at the foot of the Potala. There is fabulous treasure in the many chapels in this cathedral

**WEARING THEIR CEREMONIAL HATS AND CARRYING THEIR STAVES OF OFFICE:** The two Chancellors of Drepung Gompa, who are in administrative charge of the whole monastery which, with its six colleges and population of 7,000, is a town in itself. Drepung is probably the largest monastery in the world. Near the city of Shigtaze is the even more famous monastery of Trashi Lumpo, where the Panchan Lama, co-equal with the Dalai Lama, once held sway

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We visited all the notable buildings of Lhasa, and also explored the city and bazaar. The Potala is undoubtedly one of the great architectural wonders of the world. I must confess that, first, the Taj Mahal, and second, the utterly different Potala, make a far greater impact on my sense of beauty, wonder and admiration than any other buildings I have seen, ancient or modern, in the course of fairly wide wanderings in the world. In architecture the Potala is purely Tibetan; it is some 300 years old, and its situation on a great isolated, whale-backed hill in the centre of Lhasa plain is most striking. The stark-white walls with their "battered" slope and tier on tier of deep window embrasures are unique, crowned with the most glorious gold turrets shimmering and glittering in the sharp, clear air against a vivid though pale blue sky, with long banners of pure white cloud streaming in the strong winds that always blow.

Inside, the Potala is dark and dirty, except for the thirteen golden shrines where the Dalai Lamas are buried, and one great religious hall where services are held and the Dalai Lama used to administer his blessings. The most magnificent shrine is the last, the thirteenth. The flat roof of the Potala is broken by marvellous gold-leaf turrets, one over each burial chorten of the Dalai Lamas. The walls surrounding the shrines are hung with "thankas," or religious paintings depicting the life history of the Dalai Lamas.

The "Tsuk Lha-kang" (literally translated "Head House of God"), or Lhasa Cathedral, lies in the midst of the rabbit-warren of the city of Lhasa, and the only striking external features are the beautiful gold turrets of the roof. Inside, it is dark and sombre, lit by smoky butter lamps, and with rows of small chapels opening on four sides from a rectangular corridor. These chapels are dedicated to different divinities or incarnations of Buddha, containing great treasure in gold idols or jewelled vessels, and are closed by chain-mail curtains fastened by medieval padlocks.

Lhasa city is a typical Central Asian town of some 50,000 inhabitants, whose solid, stone-built houses with flat roofs have the slope or batter to their walls typical of Tibetan architecture. There are no real streets or roads, only narrow alley-ways, but there is a large central market-place. Of course, all transport is by pack-animal, yak, donkey or pony, or by coolie. The place is dirty, but in the cold, clear, dry air smells and flies are not so bad. There are some filthy slums on the edge of the town, where the lowest beggars and the butchers and corpse-cutters, the Ragyabas, live in shacks and huts.

The Tibetans are jovial, happy people in spite of the appalling rigours of their climate. The nobility, who fill all the official positions, are very fond of parties and, in the summer, of outdoor picnics, at which a great quantity of "chang" is drunk. Chang girls are specially provided to carry round the chang and keep guests drinking freely. There are merchants of many nationalities in Lhasa bazaar, like any town in Central Asia. The poorer people live very hard and eat little but barley flour, though all have yak milk and butter and buttered tea.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LONDON'S SOUTH BANK—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SITE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1951, NOW BEING CLEARED IN READINESS FOR THE ERECTION OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS: This picture, showing the roof of Waterloo Station in the foreground and the roof of Charing Cross Station in the background, includes in the middle distance the entire Exhibition area. The area extends from County Hall on the left almost to Waterloo Bridge on the right and the old Shot Tower, which is being preserved. On the river frontage the progress of construction on the new embankment wall is clearly seen

## WIDE OPEN SPACES of LONDON and NEW YORK

### Two Vast Sites Under Development

Both London and New York have two large open spaces which are simultaneously undergoing development. The South London site, badly damaged during the blitz, will not only serve the needs of the Great Exhibition of 1951, but will have permanent buildings which will play a vital part in the life of the area. These buildings will include a vast concert hall. The United Nations site in Manhattan is part of a semi-slum area. Work is going ahead there at all speed, and on neighbouring sites speculative builders are preparing for the boom which will beyond all doubt accompany the setting up of the U.N. Headquarters in the heart of America's industrial capital

*On left*—**WHERE THE SKYSCRAPER HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS WILL SOON BE RISING:** On this site, overlooking New York's East River, is to be erected the thirty-nine-storey building for the world legislators, who are now at Lake Success. The framework, including 13,000 tons of steel, is scheduled to be completed by September, and the building should be ready by the late autumn of 1950

**CASTLE ASHBY, ANOTHER OF ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES THROWN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: The mansion as it appears to-day. It is the home of the sixty-three-year-old Marquess of Northampton, and in common with Sutton Place, Longleat and Knowsley, can now be viewed. Visitors are asked to pay a small charge to see the collection of treasures, and the money will go to the cost of maintaining the property. A remarkable feature of the castle is its parapet of stone lettering bearing in Latin these words from the 127th Psalm: "Except the Lord build the house they labour but in vain; Except the Lord keep the house the watchman walketh but in vain." The inscription bears the date 1624, and the two halves of it are for some reason placed in inverted order**

**THE GREAT HALL AT CASTLE ASHBY:** On the left is the chimney-piece which was brought from the Compton home in Canonbury, East Islington. It is dated 1599. The elaborate panelling and galleries were put in by the fourth Marquess in 1884. Over the chimney is a family group, showing the eighth Earl with his wife and children. It is the work of Benjamin West

# THREE STATELY HOMES OPEN THEIR DOORS

## Ashby Castle, Sutton Place, and Attingham House

One by one the great mansions of England are being opened to the public, and in the best of all causes—their maintenance and preservation. To some it must have come as a shock to read of ducal car-park attendants, and half-crowns taken at the door by sons of Marquesses during the Bank Holiday week, but such were the facts, and all honour goes to those who so determinedly maintain their great estates.

One of the latest of the stately homes to be opened to the public is Castle Ashby, near Northampton. The manor of Ashby dates back to the days of William the Conqueror, and was acquired from the Earl of Kent in 1512 by Sir William Compton, ancestor of the present Marquess. The building of the house was begun in 1574 by Henry, the first Lord Compton, and was continued by his son William until about 1600, when Queen Elizabeth stayed there. Like other houses of the period, it was built in the shape of a latter "E." Lord Compton lived at Ashby in great style, entertaining King James I in 1605, 1612 and 1616, and in the household records it is stated that in 1616 Lord Compton employed eighty-three servants, four chaplains, three musicians and the "Gardener of Ashby." In 1618 Lord Compton was created first Earl of Northampton, and from that year until the time of the fourth Marquess (1877-97) various additions and alterations were made to the house. None, however, has spoilt its essential character

**THE GREAT HALL WHICH WAS RESTORED IN 1770 AFTER THE ROOF FELL IN:** The picture on the right of the doorway is "The Holy Family," painted by Sebastiano de Piombo (1485-1547)

**THE KING WILLIAM DINING-ROOM:** It takes its name from the visit of William and Mary to Castle Ashby in 1693. Over the wooden panelling are panels of needlework representing English rural life. They were worked by the Ladies Penelope and Margaret Compton, neither of whom married. They spent nearly all their lives on their task, and Lady Margaret presented the panels to her nephew the eighth Earl, in 1772, when she was sixty-eight

**SUTTON PLACE, A FAMED TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, IS NOW OPEN THREE DAYS A WEEK TO PROVIDE FUNDS FOR ITS OWN MAINTENANCE: Sutton Place, lying between Guildford and Woking, in Surrey, is the home of the Duke of Sutherland. The house, mainly of mellowed brick, with windows and ornamentations of terra-cotta, was built between 1520 and 1530 by Sir Richard Weston. His son, one of the reputed lovers of Anne Boleyn, was executed on Tower Hill in 1536**

**THE BEAMED AND TAPESTRY-HUNG LIBRARY OF SUTTON PLACE: This library, the great hall, and the gallery are the principal apartments to which the public are admitted. They are in the southern and eastern wings**

Sutton Place, a fine example of a Tudor manor set in a lovely rural scene, is now the home of the Duke of Sutherland, and for some years before that it was occupied by Lord Northcliffe. The greater part of its long history, however, has been associated with the Weston family and their descendants, and the Weston's emblem of a tun or barrel appears frequently in terra-cotta on the building. The builder of Sutton Place, Sir Richard Weston, was a trusted servant of Henry VIII, and it is an extraordinary fact that despite the execution of his son, Francis, as one of the reputed lovers of Anne Boleyn, his grandson should have entertained at Sutton Place Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn. What discussion took place between the Queen and the son of her mother's lover remains just one of the fascinating speculations of history. As originally built, Sutton Place was a quadrangle. The northern side, which had a central tower, was burnt down, however, in the very early days of the mansion and it was never rebuilt. The most outstanding apartment is the lofty hall with minstrel galleries at each end. This holds some of the Sutherland family pictures, including Reynolds's celebrated equestrian portrait of Lord Ligonier, and three admirable examples of the work of Romney

**THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF CASTLE ASHBY: Its elaborately floriated balustrade is typical of the late seventeenth-century period. The staircase, which fits rather clumsily into the space available, formed the chief part of the alterations to the east wing after the castle had been burnt down in the Civil War. The large portrait at the foot of the stairs is of the third Earl of Northampton wearing the uniform of the Cavalier regiment he commanded in the Civil War. It is the work of William Dobson**

**ATTINGHAM HOUSE, SHREWSBURY, A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE: Attingham House and Park, lying four miles west of Shrewsbury on the Wellington Road, were left to the National Trust in 1947 by the eighth Lord Berwick (subject to Lady Berwick's life interest), at whose instigation the greater part of the house is left to Shropshire County Council for use as an Adult Educational College.** The principal rooms have now been arranged and they were opened to the public in the middle of this month. Attingham was built in 1785 by the architect George Steuart for Noel Hill, first Lord Berwick, and the park landscape was designed in 1797 by Humphrey Repton

1. **UNLOADING A TOURING CAR AT BOULOGNE DOCKS:** The car is being craned from the hold of the T.S.S. "Dinard," which can take eighty vehicles per trip on the cross-Channel route. This summer 300 cars a day will be crossing the Channel by all routes. Bookings have to be made weeks ahead

# THE START of the CONTINENTAL RUSH

And News from London and the Provinces

**1. THE BRITISH HOLIDAY INVASION OF THE CONTINENT:** 300 cars a day on eleven services during the summer have been planned by British Railways to take Britain's motorists to the Continent, and already the docks at Dunkirk, Boulogne and other Channel ports are busy handling a heavy traffic. Bookings for midsummer are up to capacity. The British Railways' luxury motorship *Dinard*, which operates on the Folkestone-Boulogne service, was reconstructed in 1946 for carrying cars when it became obvious that there would be a post-war boom in motoring holidays. The *Dinard* can carry seventy to eighty cars and 300 passengers. She served as a hospital ship throughout the war, in the course of which she was damaged by mines. There is also an air car service to the Continent taking two cars per journey from Lympne Airport, Kent, to Le Touquet in a Bristol Freighter of Silver City Airways. The service runs three times daily in each direction. The air fare for a car up to 14 ft. in length with four passengers and baggage is £27.

2. **GLUBB PASHA HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE IN LONDON:** He put the case for the Arabs rendered homeless by the fighting in Palestine

**2. THE PLIGHT OF THE ARAB REFUGEES IN PALESTINE AND TRANSJORDAN:** With Major-General Sir Edward Spears in the chair, Major-General J. B. Glubb addressed a Press conference at the Anglo-Arab Centre in London. He told of the 800,000 Arabs now without homes or means of livelihood, and he spoke of the help given by the Red Cross and the United Nations in reducing the mortality rate amongst the refugees. A complication at the present moment is that the refugees for the most part seem to have only one desire—to return to the places they have come from. Even now they are filtering back to Palestine by clandestine means, often at great risk, but with a persistence that shows, in spite of their reputation as a nomad people, their deep attachment to the land.

**3. BISHOPS ITCHINGTON GOES TO THE POLLS:** For the next year or two women will govern the Warwickshire village of Bishops Itchington (population 900). While the rest of England was assessing Tory-Socialist gains and losses, Bishops Itchington was thinking in terms of male and female councillors. Mrs. Edith Chapple-Hyam, who is seen second from left in the picture, president of the local Women's Institute, topped the poll with 130 votes. The sole man to be elected was Mr. Fred Marlow, a blacksmith in the local cement works, who has been on the council for the past twenty years. He got 95 votes. Three hundred villagers congregated outside the school to hear the declaration of the poll, and there were hearty cheers for the six women and their male colleague when the news became known.

**4. THE EAST-WEST RADIO WAR:** It is estimated that four of every ten of the British "Voice of America" broadcasts aimed at Soviet citizens

**THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK PAYS A VISIT TO EUROPE:** Mr. Thomas Dewey and Mrs. Dewey seen together at Southampton, where they arrived in the "Queen Mary." Mr. Dewey's visit has no political implications. On arrival he declared that he was hoping to go on to Germany and see something of the air-lift

3. **THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT:** The seven elected councillors (six women and one man) and one of the unsuccessful candidates (right) in the Bishops Itchington elections

4. **"NEVER JAMM TO-DAY" IS THEIR MOTTO:** A team of Russian announcers at work in Studio 18 at Bush House, Aldwych, London

5. **ON LONDON'S LEFT BANK:** Hetty Remington, well wrapped up as she displays her work in Victoria Embankment Gardens

6. **THE ALFRESCO ART EXHIBITION IN VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS:** Lunch-hour visitors at the display of canvases by lesser-known artists arranged with L.C.C. assistance

are getting through the jamming being transmitted by the Russian authorities. It is probable that lined up against the West's sixty-one stations there are now ninety powerful full-time jamming stations, ordinarily used for domestic or meteorological broadcasts, and some fifty smaller stations, little more than amateur transmitting sets. The operations centre of the British broadcasts is a studio of the East European section in Bush House, Aldwych, London, from which half-hour broadcasts are beamed to Russia five times a day.

**5 and 6. ART COMES OUT INTO THE OPEN:** The success of the Battersea Park exhibition of sculpture in 1948 has encouraged the L.C.C. Parks Committee, chairman of which is Mrs. Hugh Dalton, to hold an open-air art exhibition in the Victoria Embankment Gardens. Lunch-hour crowds have patronised the exhibition well, but they must have been horrified by some of the selling prices, all of which are clearly marked on the pictures. One critic declared that prices were so high that they must have been assessed "in a spirit of bravado, or perhaps faith, rather than of sober anticipation." Among the exhibitors was Mr. Victor Hernandez, of Pimlico, who is paralysed below the waist and has taken to painting comparatively recently. He specialises in water-colour paintings of flowers.

**THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON GAMBLING HOLDS ITS FIRST MEETING:** Mr. H. U. Willink, Chairman of the Commission, and Mrs. Elsie Parker, headmistress of a London school, at the start of their inquiry into the gambling laws. There are in all twelve members of the Commission

**7. GRADUATION DAY AT LONDON UNIVERSITY:** For nearly three hours new graduates of the University of London made their bow to the Chancellor, the Earl of Athlone, at the Albert Hall. The great increase in candidates made it impossible this year to invite to Presentation Day those who had gained diplomas and certificates.

**8 and 9. THE HEROISM OF AN R.A.A.F. PILOT:** Last week Air Marshal G. Jones, Chief of the Air Staff of the Royal Australian Air Force, visited the R.A.F. Station at Mildenhall, Suffolk, to receive a painting depicting the gallant act for which Flight Sergeant R. H. Middleton, R.A.A.F., was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross. It was from Mildenhall, as a member of No. 149 Squadron, that Flight Sergeant Middleton made his last flight. Addressing the Squadron, Air Marshal Jones said that the picture would be placed in the War Museum at Canberra, where it would serve as an inspiration to future generations of Australians. The picture shows a battered bomber flying near the English coast with parachutes descending from it and a figure in flying kit standing on the cliffs. The artist, Mr. David Smith, has just won a scholarship in mural painting, awarded by the British School in Rome, and is shortly leaving for Italy to continue his studies. The citation accompanying the posthumous award to Flight Sergeant Middleton stated: "His devotion to duty in the face of overwhelming odds is unsurpassed in the annals of the Royal Air Force." In November 1942 he was the captain of a Stirling bomber detailed to bomb the Fiat works at Turin. While attacking the target from a low altitude the aircraft was hit by A.-A. fire. One of Middleton's eyes was destroyed, and he suffered other wounds. For a time he was unconscious. On recovering, he took over the controls again and nursed his damaged machine back towards England, refusing to consider abandoning the aircraft or landing in France, although petrol was running low. Knowing that he had little chance of saving himself, Flight Sergeant Middleton flew the Stirling over the English coast, allowing five members of the crew to escape by parachute. Then, with petrol gone, the bomber crashed into the sea. The pilot's body was washed up near Dover on February 1, 1943, and buried a few days later at Beck Row.

7. **MAKING THEIR BOW TO THE CHANCELLOR:** Graduates of London University at the Albert Hall. Seated in the centre is the Earl of Athlone

8. **A WAR PICTURE FOR AUSTRALIA:** Air Marshal G. Jones, at Mildenhall, admiring the painting which is to be sent out to Canberra

9. **MILDENHALL MARCH-PAST:** Air Marshal Jones taking the salute at the ceremony at which he received the painting depicting the gallant act of Flight Sergeant Middleton

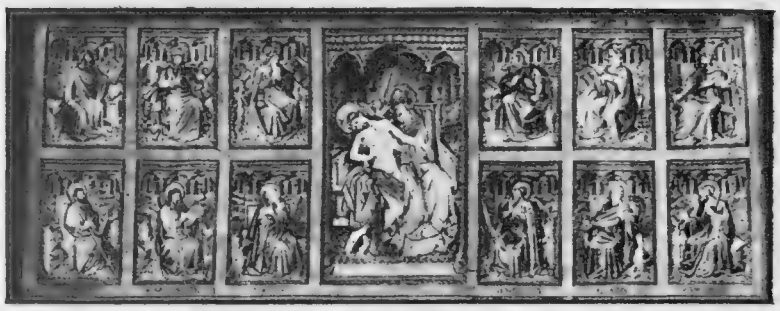
**QUEEN MARY TOURS THE VIENNA ART TREASURES EXHIBITION: Her Majesty pausing beneath one of the great tapestries during her visit to the Tate Gallery.** On the left is Mr. John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate. Talking to Queen Mary is Dr. E. Buschbeck, Director of the Picture Gallery of the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna, and in the centre background is Mr. Philip James, Art Director of the Arts Council of Great Britain. The exhibition has been staged by the Arts Council, and with the co-operation of the Austrian Government

# THE VIENNA ART TREASURES

## A Magnificent Loan Exhibition at the Tate Gallery

The Second World War on the whole dealt mercifully with the contents of the Vienna museums. Measures of safeguarding and evacuation (especially to the salt mines of Upper Austria) generally proved adequate. But the buildings were badly damaged. The Kunsthistorisches Museum, for example, was hit by ten bombs, and a whole wing of the Albertina Palace was destroyed. Complete restoration will take a considerable time, and meanwhile, through the generosity of the Austrian Government, England is being given an opportunity of seeing a representative selection of Vienna's art treasures. At a conservative estimate the present selection in the Tate must be worth £20,000,000, and among them are gems which rival the pictures of the Prado, the Louvre and our own National Gallery.

The exhibition, organised by the Arts Council of Great Britain, will remain open until August 7. Its taste and variety reveal what great collectors the Habsburgs were. To begin with, they were not collectors; they were men who, above all, loved splendour, and their patronage of the goldsmiths of their day, in the purchase of what were only palace chattels, exemplifies the naturalistic way in which their possessions grew. It was only at the Renaissance that they became conscious collectors. Their good taste never deserted them, it seems, in whatever realms of art they chose to explore.



**ONE OF THE TREASURES ASSOCIATED WITH THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE:** This reredos, which is recorded in the oldest inventory of the Order, dated 1477, shows in the centre God the Father enthroned and holding His Son, crowned with thorns, on His knees. Flanking the central panel are panels depicting the apostles and patriarchs, with texts from the Creed. The Order of the Golden Fleece was founded by Philip the Good of Burgundy in Bruges on January 10, 1430

**"THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN," BY JAN STEEN, ONE OF THE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:** This picture was sold in Brussels in 1779, when it was acquired by Duke Charles of Lorraine, Governor of the Austrian Netherlands. It became part of the Austrian National Collection in 1780. Steen was one of the founders of the painters' guild at Haarlem, and when he moved to Delft in 1654 became the owner of a brewery

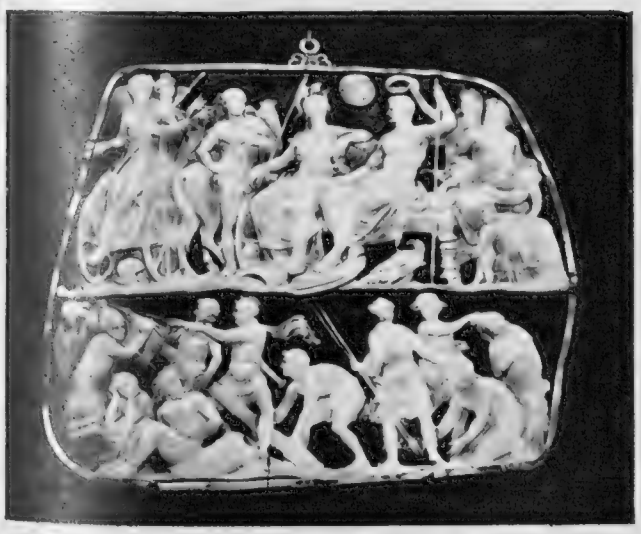
**BY THE MASTER GOLDSMITH AND SILVERSMITH, BENVENUTO CELLINI:** This salt-cellar of hammered and cast gold is Cellini's earliest work in gold and his earliest known sculpture. The two main figures are Tellus and Neptune, who sit opposite to each other, leaning backwards. The artist's idea was that both gods are enthroned on the fruits of the sea and earth

**"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH SAINT CATHERINE AND SAINT JAMES THE GREAT":** An example of the art of Lorenzo Lotto, a painter of the Venetian school and a pupil of Bellini. Though a contemporary of Titian and Giorgione, Lotto's work shows little trace of their influence, being marked by unconventionality

**"CHARLES IX OF FRANCE," BY FRANCOIS CLOUET:** The ill-starred son of Catherine de Medici. He was induced to agree to the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, but the crime preyed so much on his mind that his health gave way. He died at Vincennes in 1574. Charles IX was a patron of Ronsard and the poets of the Pleiad. The picture is from the Schloss Ambras Collection, the founder of which, Archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol, stood proxy for Charles at the latter's marriage

**HORSE ARMOUR MADE FOR FREDERICK III (1415-93) AND MAXIMILIAN I (1459-1519):** It is a combination of two styles. The Gothic parts (peistral in the form of an angel, bridle plates with the arms of the owners, saddles, cruppers with a dragon and Imperial double eagles) were made by Lorenz Colman in 1477 for Frederick III. The angel and the dragon are embossed reliefs. The surfaces are blued with etched ornament. The Renaissance parts of the armour (chamfron, crinet, with Golden Fleece emblems) were made for Maximilian I in 1514 by Konrad Seusenhofer, the most important Innsbruck armourer in the transition period between the Gothic and Renaissance eras. He was Imperial Court Armourer and worked for nearly all the Western European Courts. Colman was the foremost German late Gothic armourer

**STATUTES OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE:** This volume, which includes seventy-five pages of coats of arms, belonged to the Archduke, later Emperor, Matthias, and it is now one of the treasures of the National Library in Vienna. Eight pages of the statutes have ornamental borders as depicted here. The Statutes of the Order of the Golden Fleece were proclaimed in Lille in the year 1431. Only Christian nobles could be elected



**FROM THE GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES SECTION OF THE EXHIBITION, THE SO-CALLED "GEMMA AUGUSTEA," WHICH MAY REFER TO THE TRIUMPH OF TIBERIUS OVER THE GERMANS IN 7 B.C.:** It is an onyx cameo, 7½ ins. by 9 ins. At the top Tiberius is leaving his chariot, and below, warriors, with prisoners, are erecting a trophy

**THE GOLDSMITHS' ART IN SOUTH GERMANY:** A richly-wrought christening font and other vessels of the second half of the sixteenth century. The font, decorated with hammered ornaments and Satyr masks between the oval hammered medallions, and the larger gold vessel bear the arms of Carinthia. They were a wedding gift from the province of Carinthia to Archduchess Maria, daughter of Duke Albrecht of Bavaria on her marriage with Archduke Charles II of Styria on September 11, 1571. The font was later used at many Imperial ceremonies in Vienna

# TWILIGHT OF THE CHARITY BALL

## Once London Suffered from a Surfeit of These Affairs

By CHARLES GRAVES

AS was to be expected, the National Health Act has had a considerable effect in diminishing charity appeals, one of the main victims of Mr. Aneurin Bevan's legislation being the Charity Ball. For Charity Balls I shed no tears. Between the wars London suffered from a surfeit of these affairs. There used to be at least half-a-dozen a week during the season. Most of them were dependent for their financial success, if any, on social climbing. To-day, when dukes run dairies and marquesses are commercial travellers, this particular form of snobbery is automatically on the decline, and the few Charity Balls which are taking place are in a kind of a way replacing the private dances and balls of pre-war seasons. This is particularly true, of course, of the two Queen Charlotte's Balls. Although the proceeds go to the hospital, they have, primarily, become a meeting-place for debutantes, and Lady Hamond-Graeme is very much to be congratulated on having kept them going throughout the war, so that there was at least one dance a year for girls of seventeen, eighteen or nineteen. The ball which I particularly recall took place during the blitz, when the Café de Paris received a direct hit. Debutantes and young officers of the three fighting Services danced in the ballroom of Grosvenor House beneath the purple warning of enemy aircraft immediately overhead.

This year there will not be more than two or three dozen Charity Balls. For organisers of appeals have discovered that they are one of the least profitable ways of extracting money from the public for a worthy cause. Prices have gone up very considerably both in regard to the hire of the ballrooms and the provision of supper (champagne and other alcoholic drinks are never included in the price of the ticket), and also of the dance orchestras. A "name" band like Geraldo's wants £300 for the evening's work. Ordinary bands now cost 55 guineas, compared with 35 guineas before the war. The hotels charge at least a guinea a head for the use of their premises. And so it goes.

It can often happen that well over £1,000 is risked to produce a net result of £350 like the Dockland Settlements Ball not long ago. Against that, the Playing Fields Ball produced over £2,000, the promised presence of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh being largely responsible for this. It is safe to assume that at least one-third of the guests would not have bought their tickets except for the assurance that they would see the Heiress to the Throne and her husband. The American Ball was even more popular. Here the success can be chiefly attributed to the fact that Mrs. Douglas, the wife of the American Ambassador, was president and a strong American contingent supported the function.

Charity ball tickets are never less than 2 guineas and Mrs. Madge Clarke, who organised the American Ball, thinks it would have been possible to have charged as much as 5 guineas on this occasion. According to her, the simplest and most successful way for raising money for charity nowadays is to have a film premiere, provided that the charity concerned is able to persuade Mr. Arthur Rank, Sir Michael Balcon or Sir Alexander Korda to allow their latest film to have a charity world premiere where the seats cost anything up to ten guineas or more.

Most English films before the war had a charity premiere. To-day the Rank Organisation only grants a quota of premieres to charity. Korda also gives a few, *Bonnie Prince Charlie* being the last. . . . The premiere of *Hamlet* earned £9,000 for the King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. *London Belongs to Me* brought £7,200 for the United Europe Charity at Mr. Winston Churchill's request. Going back a bit, the premiere of *Caesar and Cleopatra* earned £12,000 for the Princess Beatrice Hospital.

Charity matinées at theatres are not as frequent as they used to be, but usually produce good dividends. A matinée of *Oranges and Lemons* at the Globe Theatre for the Guide Dogs for the Blind produced £2,300, but there again it was known in advance that Princess Elizabeth was going to attend.

Dinners and luncheons at the Mansion House or the Guildhall are a very specialised form of extracting money from the public for charities. The organisers cannot charge the guests for their meal, but having given them a first-class dinner or luncheon, followed by brilliant speeches, large sums will often accrue from the placing of cheque forms or bankers' orders beside the plates of the guests. Sometimes, inexpensive fountain-pens already filled with ink are given away as a further inducement to the signing of a cheque. On one occasion not long ago, Lady Ravensdale spoke so well that £10,000 was collected for the charity in question.

In spite of the reputation of the English summer, garden parties can prove to be very profitable to charities which organise them. Before Princess Elizabeth decided to move into Clarence House the gardens next door to St. James's Palace produced nice sums of money for charities. American visitors in particular were glad to pay 25s. to cover the cost of their tea in order to walk in the Royal grounds. Thus the Distressed Gentlefolks Aid Association cleared £1,600 from a garden party which included a number of stalls displaying such things as country produce, lace and jade. Now that these gardens are no longer available, organisers are looking elsewhere —to Prince's Gardens, Prince's Gate, the Apothecaries' Gardens in Swan Walk, Chelsea, and the gardens of the Vicar of St. Luke.

Unfortunately none of the Royal Parks like Hyde Park, Regent's Park, Green Park or St. James's Park, can be used for charity garden parties, and the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, in the grounds of which the Theatrical Garden Party was always held, now only allows the Chelsea Flower Show inside its precincts.

Charity concerts are much on the same level as charity balls from the point of view of the efforts which have to be made to sell the tickets and the dubiety of the net profits. The most successful in the experience of Mrs. Madge Clarke was a concert given by Eileen Joyce at the Albert Hall, which netted £1,500. Charity bridge parties sound pretty dreary and seldom produce more than £200 at the price of £1 1s. tickets to include tea. Charity fairs taking place indoors depend for their success on their venue. If permission is granted by the Lord Chamberlain's office for them to take place in St. James's Palace, they can be very profitable indeed. The entrance fee is kept on the low side, but the moral obligation to buy the goods displayed at the various stalls is very strong.

One effect of the National Health Act is that many people who were formerly supporters of charities no longer feel like giving money to them even if the charity does not happen to be "nationalised." Hospitals, in fact, are still allowed to appeal for funds for their Research Schools or for the comforts of their nurses, but that is about all where they are concerned. A glance down the list of charitable activities below the Court Circular in *The Times* usually discloses the names of Mrs. Warren Pearl, Lady Waddilove and Lady Levy. Another regular president or chairman of a charity ball is Lady Bennet, O.B.E., the widow of an Indian judge. Sir Bernard Docker and Lady Collins, whom he married the other day, are also great supporters of charities, as, too, is Lady Kemsley, whose husband's newspaper empire causes her support to be extremely desirable

As I was writing this, a canvasser pushed a copy of "The Hospital Service Plan" under the front door of my home. This is sponsored by King Edward's Hospital Fund and grants various benefits in the form of free fees for physicians and surgeons up to a maximum of 50 guineas and nursing home charges up to 14 guineas. How much the individual organiser receives as commission, if any, I do not know, but it is certainly another and probably profitable way of securing funds.

As a footnote to this short treatise on fund-raising, here are some significant extracts from the accounts of a charity ball held in London in 1948. The expenses side of the balance-sheet: Bands £136 2s., postage £40 10s. 9d.; organisers fee, £105; bouquets and flowers, £18 2s.; printing and stationery, £219 10s. 7d.; cost of ball, £883 17s. 6d. On the income side the sale of tickets brought in £1,970. Donations brought in another £1,103 1s. 6d., and the auction made £1,041 2s. 11d. A total of £4,746 5s. 7d. brought a surplus of £3,112 17s. 9d., which went to relief and research of infantile paralysis. The expenses do not appear to be extravagant, and the margin in favour of the charity is certainly generous.

**QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S TWENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY BALL FOR THE DEBUTANTES AT GROSVENOR HOUSE:** *Left*—**The debutantes lining up for the cake-cutting ceremony.** *Right*—**Lady Hamond-Graeme distributing the cake. Lady Hamond-Graeme kept this debutantes' ball going during the war years, and it is among the few charity balls which holds a really secure place in the social calendar**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**FANTAIL GOLDFISH AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE GOLDFISH SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN : The show, which was held at the St. Bride Institute during the first week of this month, was the biggest of its kind ever held in this country. Exhibits included Fantail, Lionhead, Veiltail, Shubunkin and Pond goldfish and all other varieties known in Britain. There were competitions for furnished and planted aquaria and a number of fish were distributed free to visitors.** Goldfish, or Golden Carp, are a Chinese and Japanese freshwater fish which, in their native waters, are of a brownish colour. Through selective breeding in captivity they lose the black and brown pigment and become golden-yellow or develop into the albino, known as silver fish. Goldfish were introduced into England at the end of the seventeenth century. One specimen is known to have lived for twenty-nine years in a tank, being fed three times a week on scraps of raw meat. Out-of-London enthusiasts who exhibited at the Goldfish Society's show at the St. Bride Institute brought tanks of their own local water with them, so that the fish should not suffer from the change

**LIONHEAD GOLDFISH : These attractive specimens were shown by Mr. Dacre, of Luton. Young fish are dark in colour, assuming the golden tint as they grow. In its native waters of China and Japan, the goldfish is of a brownish colour, but it loses the original pigments when selective breeding takes place**

The Goldfish Society Exhibition at the St. Bride Institute

# FANTAILS and VEILTAILS

**THE BLACKMOOR GOLDFISH : It has a particularly fine tail. Occasionally double or multiple tails and modified fins may occur artificially**

**TWO LIONHEAD GOLDFISH : The fish thrive in temperatures of 80 degs. F. or more, but have become naturalised in some Continental rivers**

**VEILTAIL GOLDFISH : Like other types of goldfish, the Veiltail has a variety of markings in gold, black and silver. These, shown by Mr. Nutt, make an attractive picture in their artificial home. The goldfish enthusiast will stock his tanks or pond with water lilies, water hyacinths and other aquarium plants**

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# NOEL LANGLEY SPRINGS A SURPRISE

*A Delicately Romantic Version of the Young Love of Dante and Beatrice*

MR. NOEL LANGLEY'S new book is in a way a surprise, as it seems of such a different type from his other work, but perhaps his versatility should have prepared one for surprises, and his delicately romantic version of the young love of Dante for Beatrice should only show a new facet of a remarkable talent. THE INCONSTANT MOON (Arthur Barker. 10s. 6d.) is a charming book, both to the mind and to the eye, as it has been decorated by Mr. Ronald Searle with a series of elegant and appropriate drawings in the mood of Mr. Langley's writing, and in the spirit of his subject.

There are three short novels in Mr. Gerald Kersh's new book, CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), of which the first and title story is outstandingly the best. It is, to be exact, as good as anything Mr. Kersh has written since the war. A man is murdered and his wife is arrested and charged. It looks like an open-and-shut case, as one hardened reporter says, and finding no copy in it he decides to question the prosecution witness, the man who was first on the scene and whom he decides to feature in his column, rather than either the corpse or the widow.

The witness is one of those mousy little men whom one can see a hundred times without recognising. He is ordinary to the point of transparency, but he has a story, and it is a story that nobody will believe. The other two brief novels, *Flight to the World's End* and *Fairy Gold*, have their points, too, but it is the first one that you will remember.

I must say frankly that I found MAGISTER LUDI (Aldus. 15s.) excessively difficult to read but, spurred on by the fact that, since its author Herman Hesse had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature for this very book, it must have great merit, I persisted. The novel, which has been translated from the German by Mr. Mervyn Savill, deals with an intellectual community living in a beautiful and imaginary province in the year A.D. 2000. Their complicated and mystical games are directed by the Magister Ludi or High Priest, an extraordinary being who reaches the head of his hierarchy only to decide that he must return to the outside world, and to the company of the average man. There is undoubtedly a message in that, as there are undoubtedly passages of poetry in the writing, but to find either the reader will need some determination.

TIME WILL DARKEN IT (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a book I thoroughly enjoyed, and one that I shall in time re-read with reflective pleasure. It is, I think, only Mr. William Maxwell's second novel, but it has maturity, judgment and an exquisite balance. It is, in fact, a very civilised book, and a delight to discover. The setting is an American town, and a family with their friends and its problems, but the theme is universal rather than local, and the people have characters rather than nationalities. For its wisdom and its gentle but very real humour, this novel should be widely appreciated.

SPIRITS REBELLIOUS (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is a collection of four short stories translated from the Arabic, some of the early work of the poet and philosopher, Kahlil Gibran, whose home was the Lebanon of which he writes. He now lives in America and his later books have been written in English, but there is an atmosphere of beauty in these young stories of his, written more than forty years ago, that reminds one that he was hailed long ago in the Near East as a master, even before *The Prophet* brought him world-wide recognition.

If there is one certain thing about a Perry Mason mystery it is that that bright young California lawyer will get himself into a tight corner in the first quarter of the book and that only his own physical courage and amazing resource will get him out again. The police, all of whom know him well, and are wary of what they know, will believe him guilty, if not of murder, at least of hiding vital evidence, and he will have to make a last-minute defence of his client to save him, or more often her, from an unjust fate. At this the police faces will turn the colour of a Wisley pæony, and Perry Mason will take not only the credit but a good fat cheque, which he will spend in the delightful company of his secretary, Della Street.

THE CASE OF THE GOLD-DIGGER'S PURSE (Cassell. 8s. 6d.) is no exception to this admirable formula, though, oddly enough, it is none the less readable for that. Only I do sometimes think that it's about time the police stopped being so infernally suspicious of the Mason motives. They must *know* by now that he 'll come out on the right side.

Mr. Cecil Freeman Gregg has chosen a first-rate title for his new murder mystery; so good, in fact, that I wonder no one has used it before. THE UGLY CUSTOMER (Methuen. 9s. 6d.) is a story which begins promisingly with a couple of crooks murdering a quack doctor when he surprises them opening his safe. They make their getaway in a car and open the small bag that they have managed to steal, only to find that, instead of the uncut jewels they expected to find, it contains an assortment of artificial eyeballs.

The first time I read the relevant passage, I didn't grasp that they were indeed artificial, which, needless to say, gave me a nasty turn.

I would like to recommend a book by a new author, Mr. Vicars Bell, who has a light hand with narrative, and an ingenious way of propounding and solving murder mysteries. DEATH UNDER THE STARS (Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.) may be a thought banal as a title, but there is something really fresh about the style and manner of the story that accompanies it. Years and years ago I read and still have an affectionate regard for a kind of village memoir called *A Lame Dog's Diary* and, apart from the single note of violence in Mr. Bell's book, it has something of the same half-humorous, half-rueful character. Anyway, read it, and see, if you are old enough to have read the other, whether the likeness occurs to you.

Miss Anne Hocking has taken an ugly Victorian house (luckily imaginary) just outside Rye (which is luckily real), for the setting of her new murder mystery, AT THE CEDARS (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.). After a very slow start, which is not usually a fault of this writer's, the story develops in an effectively grisly way, and the murder and a half with which it deals are as nimbly planned and as ably detected as in any of her works. I thought the hero an unconscionable poop myself, but it takes all tastes, they tell me, to make up the world, and perhaps that is true of the world of fiction, too.

REPENT IN HASTE (Robert Hale. 6s.), a long short story by Mr. John P. Marquand, will hardly add to that writer's reputation in this country. It is less readable than slick, within the glossiness of one of those impressive American magazines, and it deals with the marriage problems of a stocky young U.S. Navy flier and the sordid little good-time girl he married before he was drafted to the Pacific. The cover design of a pretty young woman in full ball dress with a handsome lieutenant kneeling at her feet is, shall we say, misleading?

**CHAIRS IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES: Three of the chairs which will be on view at the exhibition organised by M. Harris and Sons at 44-52, New Oxford Street. The exhibition is to be opened on May 25 by the Earl of Athlone, and the proceeds are to go to the Diamond Jubilee Appeal of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. *Left*—A single mahogany chair from a suite made by the Gillows of Lancaster, circa 1790. *Centre*—One of a set of fine walnut chairs carved in the manner of Daniel Marot. It belongs to the William and Mary period. *Right*—An elm corner-chair of the time of George II**

## INTO BATTLE WITH THE GRENADIERS

### The Story of the Regiment in the War

Ever since the late Colonel Henderson wrote his life of "Stonewall Jackson," military historians have had before them a prime example of the way in which military history can be rendered wholly palatable—can, indeed, be as enthralling as a well-constructed historical novel. It is good to see others adopting the lively Henderson technique, and among them are Captain Nigel Nicolson and Patrick Forbes, co-authors of the two-volume account of THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN THE WAR OF 1939-1945 (Gale and Polden. Two vols., £3 3s.). Volume I tells of all the campaigns in North-West Europe, starting with the B.E.F. and Dunkirk and dealing briefly with the "waiting years" before going on to the drama of the Normandy landings, the pursuit to the Seine, the Rhine, and the Elbe. Volume II deals with the Mediterranean campaigns in which the Grenadiers were engaged; the early struggle in Tunisia, the Mareth Line, then Salerno, Anzio and the Apennines. Captain Nicolson and Mr. Forbes have given us glimpses, too, of what life in the regiment was like during the embattled years; what the men ate and wore, what weapons they carried in their hands, and the nature of the spirit that made them into an unequalled fighting machine.

"The boss system goes all the way through Egypt, with a rattle of piastres at each stage," declares Pennethorne Hughes in his racy and highly-informed survey of the land of the Pharaohs which appears under the not "wholly biblical" and somewhat silly title, WHILE SHEPHEARDS WATCHED (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.). Mr. Hughes leaves us with few illusions about the political oligarchy which rules Egypt, and he makes it abundantly clear that, with no military caste in Egypt to defend them, the days of the pashas and the beys, with their Sultanic self-indulgence, may well be numbered. A Conservative statesman of the nineteenth century declared "the East is languishing for want of a revolution. Mr. Hughes does not rule this out as a possibility now that British arms have been withdrawn, and in view of the vast disparity in the living standard. Of the 17,000,000 inhabitants of Egypt before the last census, he tells us that 15,000,000 did not own a square inch of land. The lot of the fellah is appalling, and their utter poverty and their conditions of life along the great river contribute to the fact that almost without exception they suffer from one or other of the worm diseases, bilharzia or ankylostomiasis. These cause lassitude, pain and depression, and the tragedy is that the advance of irrigation, which has so increased the yield of the land, particularly the output of cotton, and the fortunes of the wealthy, has added to the virulence of these diseases.

Despite its carefree style, this is an important and thought-provoking book. The picture it presents is many-sided, and amid all this wealth and poverty it shows what a deep burden of responsibility devolves upon those Egyptian statesmen who are courageous enough to fight the dead-weight of opposition.

In Melbourne Museum is the figure of that great Australian racehorse, Phar Lap, a credit to the taxidermist's art. Year in, year out Australians flock to the museum to see their old favourite. There are some who say that he was the horse of the century, among them Denzil Batchelor, who in DAYS WITHOUT SUNSET (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.), tells the dramatic story of how the big horse won the Melbourne Cup under the well-nigh impossible burden of 9 stone 12 lb. In his reminiscences Mr. Batchelor ranges far and wide through the realms of sport, picking out the great occasions he has known (Hutton's match at the Oval, the All-Blacks' victory over England in 1925, the Carpentier-Kid Lewis fight), re-reporting these red-letter days with just a hint, which may appeal to the middle-aged but irritate the young, that they were the best days of all.

Christina Hole, that admirable recorder of English social history, is the author of ENGLISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES (B. T. Batsford. 15s.), in which she traces the development of the major sports, hunting, shooting, football and cricket, from medieval times to the nineteenth century. She also introduces us to the mysteries of Stoolball, Knurr and Spell, Hoodman Blind, Nine Men's Morris, and many another game of skill and strength long since forgotten.

Yet another book on sport is Learie Constantine's CRICKETER'S CRICKET (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.). Mr. Constantine, one of the fastest bowlers of his time and a hurricane bat, covers every phase of cricketing technique. The author concludes with a chapter on "Brighter Cricket," of which he has certainly been an exponent through the years; but perhaps the appeal is hardly timely. From Sussex to Yorkshire, from Somerset to Northampton, the cry has gone forth, and at this very moment the counties are at it "hammer and tongs" showing what brighter cricket really means. Everyone, however, will applaud Mr. Constantine's forthright views on doped pitches.

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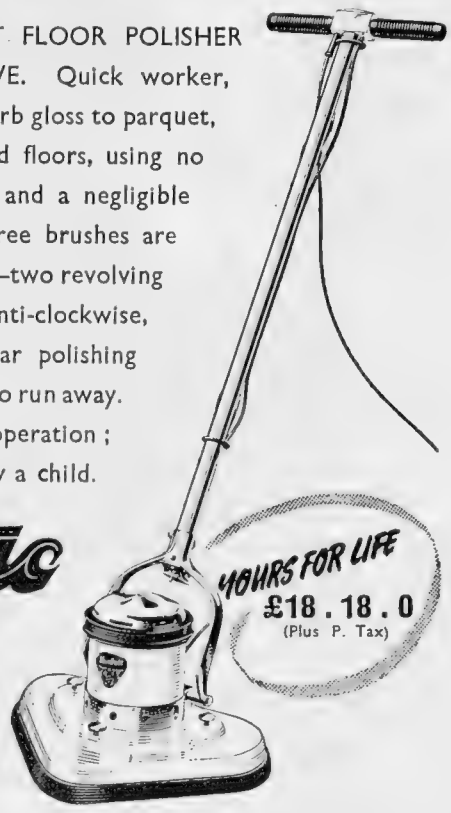

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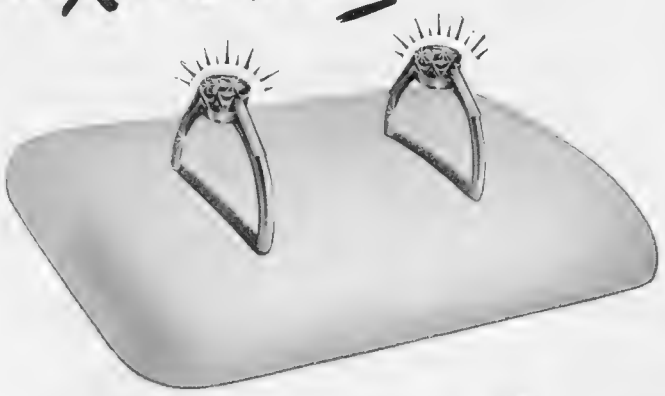

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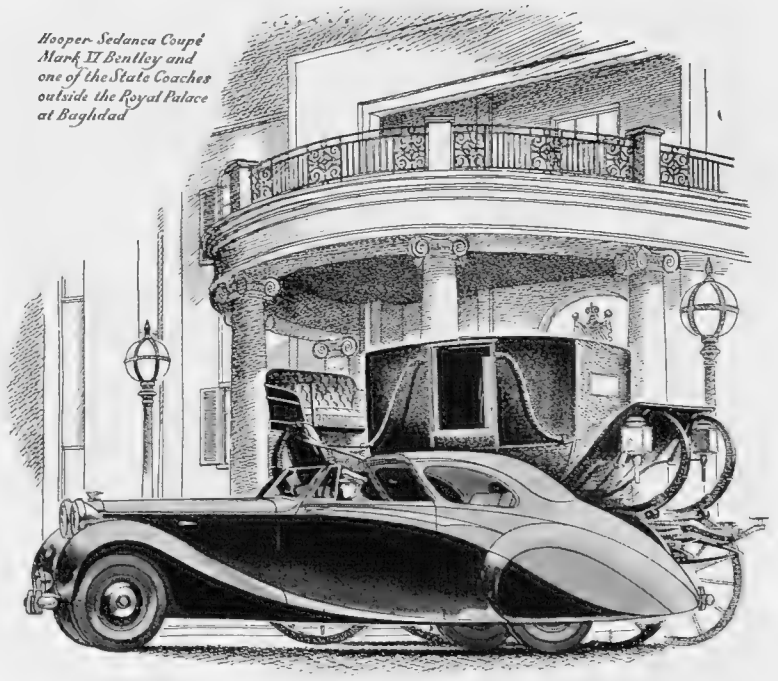

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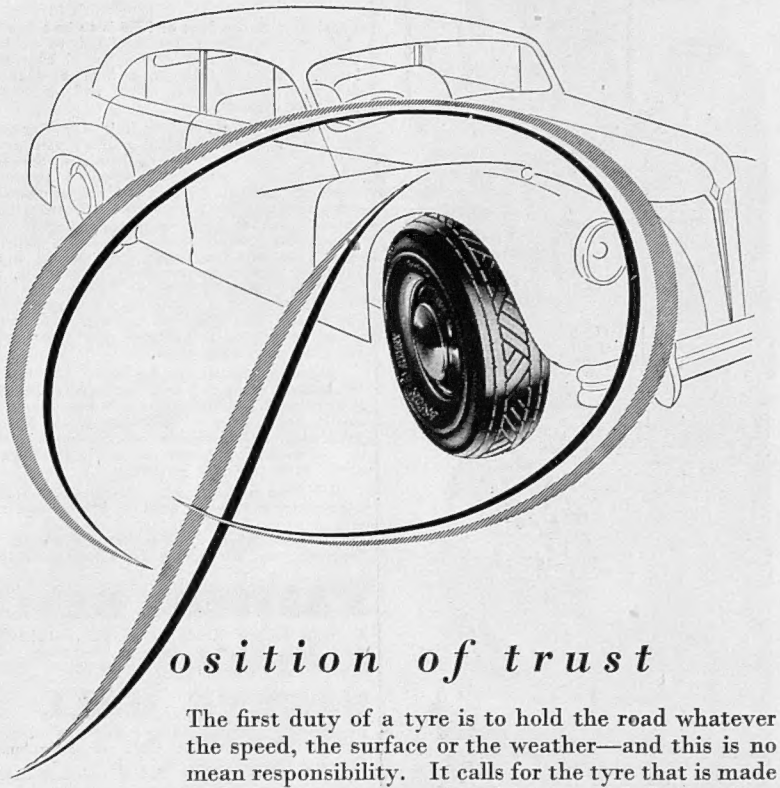

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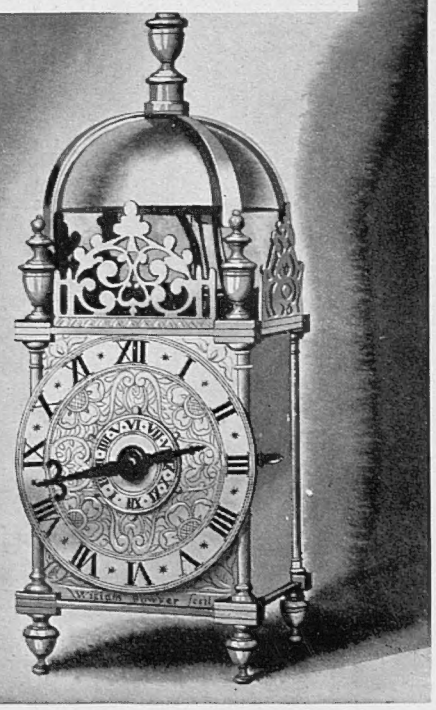

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BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

WHETHER the June of 1949 is to be a flaming one or not is a question on which the meteorological experts alone are qualified to hazard an answer, but from my personal experience of travelling around the British Isles I consider it is one of the best months, for it provides the longest hours of daylight, a high average of sunshine, and hotels keyed up with full staff can give you of their best and at a time when they are unlikely to be working to full bedroom capacity.

What is your quest? If it is fishing, many places come to my mind. But two miles from the London-Exeter road in a lovely vale, standing on a gentle slope overlooking the River Otter, lies the Deer Park Hotel, Honiton, South Devon, which is probably bathed in sunshine as I write. Facing South, this Georgian mansion, with lofty, spacious rooms, commands magnificent views, and amidst this typical Devon scenery, fishermen only have 200 yards to walk to their nearest beat. The fish, I am told, are small but plentiful, and for those of the family who are not anglers, there is tennis, squash, golf, billiards and picnics. As Deer Park is only eight miles inland, Branscombe, Beer, Sidmouth, Ladram Bay and Budleigh Salterton are all within easy reach. Perhaps you prefer the sunshine and sociability of a seaside resort. If so, let me remind you that June is carnival-time in Torquay, and I would like to join you on, say, the terrace of the Grand Hotel, and watch the fun and the fair from such a grand-stand position. Remember that a holiday at Torquay does not necessitate using your own car. By the Torbay express from Paddington, and with fast through trains from the Midlands and North, Torquay can be reached in the minimum of time and the maximum of comfort, and when there, self-drive cars can be hired at reasonable rates.

A little voice within me says "Do not forget to mention Scotland," and I am happy to do so, because June and late September are the best months of the year in which to enjoy her scenery and her hospitality. If you have never yet visited Deeside make a note of that small luxury hotel close to Banchory called Raemoir. I was there last year, found an abundance of good food, and a friendly country-house environment. Here was clearly plenty for its visitors to do. Golf-clubs, fishing-rods, and guns were much in evidence, and for horse-lovers there is a riding school in the grounds.

If I have whetted your appetite for a June holiday, even if it be but a long week-end, my experience is at your disposal if you care to write to me.

*Letters accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

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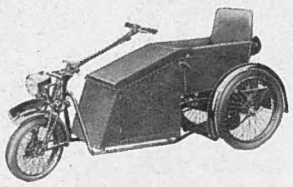

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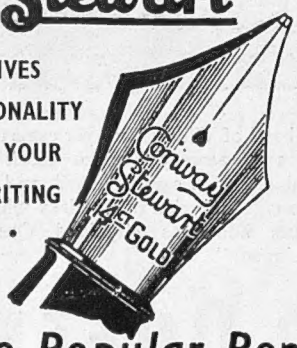


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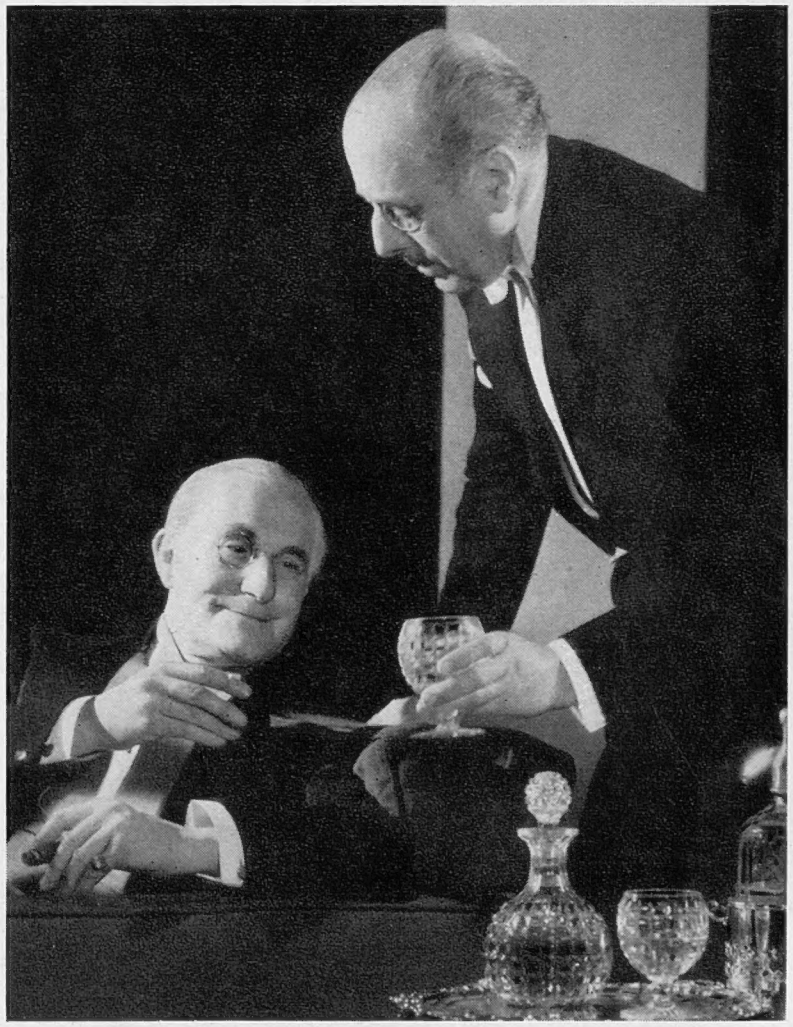

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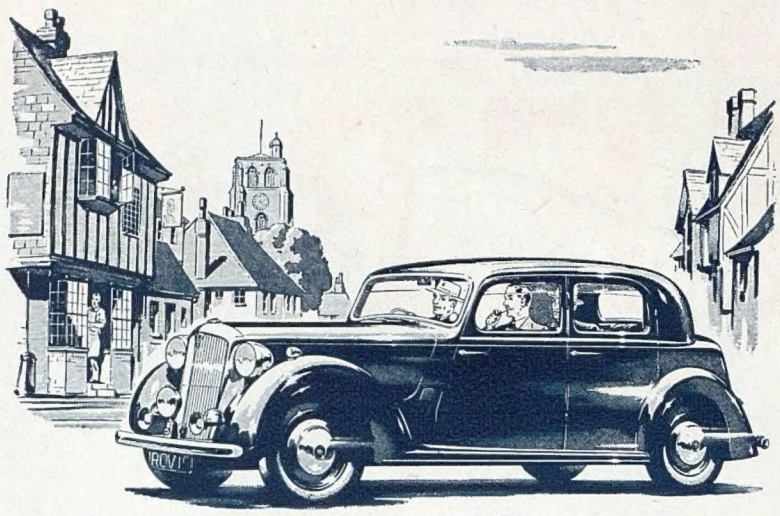

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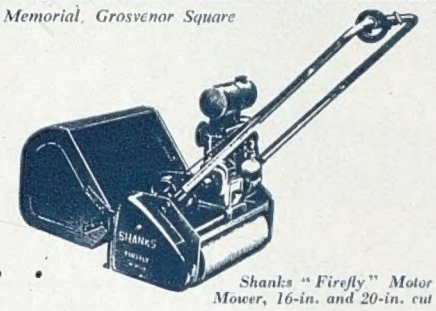


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